

The Corsair.

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A BALLAD.

THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

Low spake the Knight to the peasant maid,
 "Oh! be not thus of my suit afraid!
 Fly with me from this garden small,
 And thou shalt sit in my castle-hall.
 "Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,
 Joys beyond thy fancy's measure;
 Here, with my sword and horse I stand,
 To bear thee away to my distant land.
 "Take, thou fairest! this full blown rose,
 A token of love that as ripely blows."
 With his glove of steel he plucked the token,
 And it fell from the gauntlet crush'd and broken.
 The maiden exclaimed—"Thou see'st, Sir Knight,
 Thy fingers of iron can only smite;
 And, like the rose thou hast torn and scatter'd,
 I in thy grasp should be wreck'd and shatter'd."
 She trembled and blush'd, and her glances fell,
 But she turn'd from the Knight, and said, "farewell;"
 "Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize,
 I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."
 He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,
 And he mounted and spurred with fiery heel;
 But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,
 Who snatched his bow from above the fire.
 Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
 But swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped;
 And the weight that pressed on the fleet-footed horse,
 Was the living man, and the woman's corse.
 That morning the rose was bright of hue;
 That morning the maiden was sweet to view;
 But the evening sun its beauty shed
 On the withered leaves and the maiden dead.

THE HUNTER.

Merrily winds the hunter's horn,
 And loud the ban of dogs replying,
 When before the shout of the fleet-foot morn,
 The shadows of night are flying.
 Sullen the boar in the deep green wood,
 And proud the stag that roams the forest,
 And noble the steed with his warlike blood,
 That exults when the toil is sorest.
 Fair is the land of hill and plain,
 And lonely dells in misty mountains;
 And the crags where eagles in tempest reign,
 And glittering lakes and fountains.
 These are the joys that hunters find,
 What'er the sky that's bending o'er them,
 When they leave their cares on their beds behind,
 And earth is all fresh before them.
 Day ever chases away the night,
 And wind pursues the waves of ocean,
 And the stars are brother-like hunters bright,
 And all is in ceaseless motion.
 Life is a chase, and so 'tis joy,
 And hope foretells the hunter's morrow;
 'Tis the skill of man and the bliss of boy
 To gallop away from sorrow.

THE MARINERS.

Raise we the yard and ply the oar,
 The breeze is calling us swift away;
 The waters are breaking in foam on the shore;
 Our boat no more can stay, can stay.
 When the blast flies fast in the clouds on high,
 And billows are roaring loud below,
 The boatman's song, in the stormy sky,
 Still dares the gale to blow, to blow.
 The timber that frames his faithful boat,
 Was dandled in storms on the mountain peaks,
 And in storms, with a bounding keel, 'twill float,
 And laugh when the sea-fiend shrieks, and shrieks.
 And then in the calm and glistening night,
 We have tales of wonder, and joy, and fear,
 And deeds of the powerful ocean sprites,
 With which our hearts we cheer, we cheer.
 For often the dauntless mariner knows
 That he must sink to the land beneath,
 Where the diamond on trees of coral grows,
 In the emerald halls of Death, of Death.
 Onward we sweep through smooth and storm;
 We are voyagers all in shine or gloom;
 And the dreamer who skulks by his chimney warm,
 Drifts in his sleep to doom, to doom.

"LIFE LET US CHERISH;"

OR, THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

If there be a point on which the regular dealers in maxims and moralities are strong, it is on the brevity of life, and the waste that is made of the few flitting moments of that transient existence, which, once suffered to escape, "never returns no more."—"Carpe diem," sings the ancient, "and don't be too sure of to-morrow."—"Memento mori," remonstrates the undertaker, with the solemnity of face that would better become him, if grief should ever take to taxing his bills. "A good life," prayeth the clergyman, which no one ever suspects him of confounding with "a good living;" while many a dial, true or false to the sun, most supererogatorily informs us that "time flies;" as if dials would, could, or should have found their way into existence, on any other hypothesis. Every parish bell also that "tolls the knell of parted day" is in the same story, and cries aloud, as plainly as the iron tongue can speak—more plainly than Wittington's bells prophesied to the "thrice Mayor of London"—"there, there goes another!"

Now we rather anticipate that our readers will (as Paddy loves to say) be after thinking with Falstaff, that in this case wisdom cries out in the street, and no man regards it; and then they will add, "what a pity that so much good advice should sleep in the ear of a preoccupied world!" If this be their opinion, it is not ours. From everything that is passing before our eyes, we rather imagine that the world, so far from being insensible to the brevity of life, is every day becoming more and more "awake" to the unpleasant truth; and that, if they do not listen to *Messieurs les precheurs des convertis*, it is simply because they have no labour to bestow upon what brings no profit with it. As to the value of life, and the desire to make the most of it, we meet with proofs at every turn. The king has his life-guards, the old ladies have their life preservers, the long-shore men have their life-boats, and the Humane Society (the charitable representatives of St. Peter, who fish for men and for skates at the same haul) have their life tackle; while the Life Insurance offices and their actuaries are daily employed in improving their calculations of the money value of the commodity, and justifying, in more than the religious sense, that other piece of dial-maker's morality, "*percut et imputanter!*" If all the elements conspire to the support of life, they all likewise make war on it; and a good half of all the labour of man is expended in the construction of defensive armour against their attacks. It would, indeed, take up far too much of our time to commemorate the various trades that directly or indirectly contribute to the preservation of life, an object which speaks, in all the energy of terms, a desire to make the most of time. We say nothing, therefore, of umbrellas and galoshes for fencing with the humid, the fire escapes to guard against the hot, the invisible petticoats to baffle the inclemency of the air, or the invincible coaches which set at naught that excess in the earth's attraction, that every now and then employs its leisure in breaking bones. But is the multitude of treatises nothing with which the press groans, whose sole end and aim (moneymaking and vanity apart) is to teach us how to keep Goodman Death at a distance! or are the infallible panaceas nothing which benevolent philosophers sell to the public,—from the pills of "Widow Welch" of the olden times, to the "Morison vegetables" of these latter days!

One proof that the English, at least, are anything but insensible to the value of life, is patent (the *a* open) in the amiable anxiety of their "how

doye's" perpetually springing uncalled to their lips, when they encounter in the streets their slightest acquaintances—an anxiety which certainly would be much enhanced in value, if they sometimes stopped in their precipitous course and "paused for a reply;" but then they know too much of the value of time for such delay. In all things, indeed, we of this mercantile isle contrive to live in "a devil of a hurry." Not only do we jostle each other in our eagerness to save five minutes of the daily walk "to 'Change," but the very idlest portion of the community are the death of post-horses innumerable, in their gratuitous impatience to anticipate the march of time.

If we look at things a little philosophically we must see that the object of practical science in general is (before everything) the saving of time, and the getting as much work as is feasible out of every passing minute. Movement being the measure of time, whatever quickens our movements, *e converso*, lengthens our life. Railroads and steam-boats have thus materially extended human existence; and though threescore years and ten be still, as before, the life of man, we have only to change our exponent, and measure by our own movements, instead of those of the sun, in order to make evident our superior longevity, as compared with that of our ancestors. But there is still another expression for this fact yet more wonder-stirring. If life be measured by the quantity of work that can be done, by the number of pins headed and pointed, the quantity of letter-press worked off, or the yards of cloth thrown round the world, in one man's time, would they not show that Methusalem himself would be a chicken to a modern operative?—and if we estimated human existence by the number of cotton nightcaps producible by machinery in seventy years, the account would be apt to pass for absolute immortality.

The benefit of this new method of numeration should not, however, be exclusively confined to the artisan. People of fashion have done great things in our times, towards the making most of their hours. Urged by a due consciousness of the *fuget tempus irreparabile*, they have succeeded in crowding into any single evening a maximum of pleasures, roaming from dinner to conversazione, and from conversazione to opera, from opera to ball, and from ball to "a little bit of supper" at Crockford's, and thus doing more effectual business in a few hours than their ancestors, with their utmost activity, could condense into "one calendar month." Then again, they have not evinced a less lively sense of the value of time in their admirable invention of short whist, by which invention the gamblers of our day are enabled to quadruple the number of events that can, in any given time, be squeezed out of two packs of cards. The importation of the *battu*, from the Continent, by which the slaughter of game is achieved with a high-pressure velocity, is another illustration of the same truth; nor can we shut our eyes to the parallel case of matches against time, the thousand miles in a thousand hours, the engagements to run a mile, walk a mile, hop a mile, and put the hundred stones separately into a basket, and other laborious trifles invented to make the most of the animal faculties. But if such instances were not at hand, we should not the less be forced upon the same conclusion, when noting the precocity of our modern youth, which laughs to scorn the common-law dispensation of years of discretion, and shows our very school-boys not less deep in the knowledge of the world, nor less equal to "doing the flats" and gammoning the money lenders, than the most experienced *ci-devant* men of wit and pleasure about town.

The all-important truth of the value of time exhibits itself as ever present in our recollection, under another formula. Life, philosophically considered, is but a series of sensations; and the multitude of any man's sensations, multiplied into their intensity, is the surest expression of his real longevity. But loss of time and *ennui* must, therefore, be closely connected; and, accordingly, we find the wearisomeness of having nothing to do is one of the heaviest drawbacks on wealth and independence. It is this that gives its force and poignancy to the homely proverb, declaring idleness to be the mother of mischief. Nay, the very devil himself, it is notorious, finds his immortality a charge in this respect, and would rather fly away with the roof of an unoffending house than want a sensation; he therefore adopts that mode of avenging himself on the inconsiderate household-suffrage voter, who evokes his presence, without having first provided him with better employment. Here, too, we have an explanation of three-fourths of the vice with which moral England is so loudly taxed; for if the poor fellows who flock to *hells*, and other houses of ill-fame, to get rid of their time, had a free-admission ticket on the tread-mill, the healthful exercise might be found to render both their fortunes and their characters materially better. On this account we hold especially in respect those worthy persons whose "obedient slumbers" are ever at command; and who are, at every turn, willing and able to take a nap, the better to prevent their wasting their precious moments in doing nothing. We have also been inclined to think that much of that "involuntary praise" (as Zanga calls it) with which mankind have embalmed the memory of Napoleon Buonaparte, has arisen in gratitude for favours received, in the shape of sensations. As long as he lived and reigned, every day brought its accidents, adding years to our excited existence. Through his means, more events were crowded into a few solar revolutions, than had formerly served to keep mankind wide awake for centuries; and, since the termination of his career, our military friends, in particular, have been thrown back upon billiards and spitting over bridges for amusement, to the great increase of the excise on tobacco, and the stoppage of promotion.

The love of a sensation, then, is a part and parcel of the instinct of self-preservation; and a perception of the brevity of life arises immediately out of our Platonic "longings after immortality." How constantly these ideas haunt some men, may be collected from their eager impatience to run through their fortunes, and to realise the full number of sensations which the money is capable of producing. When a man has spent his all, he has nothing to reproach himself with, and may look the past and the future in the face with equal complacency.

"Not Jove himself upon the past has power,

And what has been, *has been*, and he has had his hour."

This may perhaps be the reason why many such practical philosophers,

when arrived at that point of perfection, swallow prussic acid, or shoot themselves through the head.

In reflecting upon the probable cause of that popular error which supposes men blind to a truth upon which they are thus constantly acting, we have been inclined to seek it in their forgetfulness of the disguises which different motives assume, as they act upon different temperaments and different dispositions. The same avarice, for example, which compels the cautious miser to bury his gold in an old stocking, urges his more sanguine compeer to bury his in a South American bubble; and there is little doubt that avarice is also at the bottom of the gambler's headlong stake, though it is mistaken by the unobservant part of the world for thoughtless prodigality. So, also, few can detect the conjugal affection which is lost under the denomination of jealousy, because it takes the shape of a sound cudgelling bestowed to revive and fix the wandering affections of a coquettish wife. Such cruelty, however, can be nothing but abnormal love, tenderness gone astray; for he who has the most indifferent helpmate, might bear his misfortune with a very praiseworthy patience, if he can only make up his mind to be as indifferent as herself.

May not the Englishman's love of travel also—a disease so peculiar to our island—be another form of the same desire? To sit in a britzka, and do an all but impossible number of leagues in an inconceivably short time, in spite of French roads, or of German postilions, shows "the ruling passion" to perfection; and this consideration has led us to admire how it happens that this notion regarding time should never have extended itself to space, and that those frequent repinings which are heard at the flight of the hour should never have been uttered at the impossibility of rivalling the Irishman's bird, and being in two places at the same moment? But to return to our travellers: as they do not leave home for the purposes of instruction, and still less (as their eternal *ennui* proves) for those of amusement, to what can we assign these frequent and troublesome transfers of the person, if it be not to extend life in another direction than that of simple duration?

The followers of Epicurus made good use of the brevity of life as a stimulus to enjoyment; and the Egyptians introduced a skeleton at their banquets for the same lively purpose; but it seems to have escaped popular notice that other passions, beside the animal propensity towards eating and drinking, may derive an increased activity from the same consideration. Might not the "Macedonian madman" have been hurried from conquest to conquest by an apprehension lest, if he stopped by the way to enjoy his successes, he might pay Charon his halfpenny before he had accomplished half his scheme? Or might not Charles the Fifth, on the other hand, have renounced his crown and taken to the cowl in utter despair of finding time to realise the notion of a universal monarchy? Here, too, we have a not unlikely explanation of those monetary crises which Mr. Attwood assures us are all attributable to the want of the blessings of a paper currency. The wiser indeed admit that an eager impatience in our merchants to get rich is at the bottom of the evil: but no rational being is ever in a hurry, except under the apprehension that he has not time to effect his purpose coolly and leisurely. Elwes might have indulged himself in turtle and venison, and the speculators in cotton and indigo have refrained from making more haste than good speed; but, as things are actually constituted, he who has a fixed purpose of becoming a millionaire has no time to lose by the way; and he who would die worth a plum must not care a fig for the possibilities of a too rapid movement. Thus the *memento mori* may lead to mistakes of *meum* and *tuum*, by no means accordant with the moral complexion attributed to that far-famed maxim.

Before we conclude on a case of this kind, it is necessary to define what idleness really is. With the greater part of Englishmen, every employment which does not tend to money-making is regarded as a mere waste of time! Ask what an attorney would think of his articulated clerk, who—

"foredoom'd his master's soul to cross,
Should pen a stanza when he should engross;"

or what would the old merchant say to his junior partner, if he brought Euripides into the counting house, or dropped his Cocker and his price-current to study Euclid? Would they not exclaim with Ignoramus—"in nomine Deo, stude artes parcas et lucrosas; non est mundus pro artibus liberalibus jam." On the other hand, change the *remu* from chambers or the 'Change, to the University, and these imputed idlenesses become the serious business of the place; for the college tutor would threaten with a plucking the unhappy young gentleman who should forego them in behalf of anything really useful in after-life.

In the same spirit, the cotton lords deem wholesome exercise to be mere idleness; and sportsmen think sedentary scholars to be sadly indolent. We have all laughed heartily at the joke against the man who frittered away his substance in paying tradesmen's bills; but we all in sober seriousness make a similar mistake, in our denunciations against the fritterings of time that do not coincide with our notions concerning "the greatest utility." It would be an amusing hoax to send a deputation from each of the thousand-and-one societies of England, learned and unlearned, to all the others, and to obtain from them a secret report of the proceedings they had witnessed; with what contempt would the astronomers look down on the collectors of butterflies, and how the naturalists would retaliate with a *quod supra nos, nihil ad nos*! How the geologists would despise the yesterday investigations of the antiquaries, and how the positive physiologist would ridicule the idly speculative metaphysician! On this subject listen to a story:—

It happened "once upon a time," that a madman, escaping from a neighbouring asylum, wandered down to the side of the New River, and overtook a poor weaver patiently awaiting a bob from the float of his fishing-tackle. Forthwith he began to catechise his man—

"How long have you been fishing here?"

"All day," quoth he of the loom.

"What may your fish be worth?" continued the crack-brained disciple of Socrates.

"Sixpence," replied the knight of the shuttle.

"What could you have made by working for the same time at your trade?" asked the calculating lunatic.

"Four shillings," said the cockney Isaac Walton.

"Well, then," concluded the questionist, "do you see that house? if the master of it finds you here, take my word for it he will clap on you a strait-waistcoat, and not let you out again for the rest of your life." So saying, he burst into a wild laugh at his own conceit, and ran away as fast as he could go.

In what respect, good reader, does this maniac's logic differ from that of half the wisest of our legislators and politicians, who exclaim against reading and writing and other similar wastings of time by the mechanic and the artisan? Are they not under a morbid apprehension of the brevity of life, and fearful lest their subject should escape out of this world before they have got from him his quota of labour?

With this clue for their guide, they "who run" may work their own unassisted way through the rest of the problem; and, satisfying themselves that time is estimated at its full value, in this best of all possible worlds, may amend their copy-books accordingly. We shall therefore here drop our subject abruptly, "like a hot potato," lest our friends should think that we, at least, were not convinced by our own reasoning, or had no conscience, in wasting their time, more than our own. *Au revoir donc, Messieurs, au Numero prochain.*

BYRON AND GÖTHE.

We witnessed one day the commencement of a storm at a Swiss village at the foot of Mont Jura. Black and massive clouds, their borders tinged with a crimson purple by the rays of the setting sun, were rapidly spreading themselves over the azure of the most beautiful sky in Europe, the Italian only excepted: the thunder was growling in the distance, and a biting wind was scattering large drops of rain in every direction over the thirsty landscape: the smaller birds sought the leafy shelter of the trees. Looking upwards, we beheld a large Alpine falcon sinking, rising, and floating bravely in the very midst of the storm; we could have fancied that he was bent on contesting its power. At every roll of the thunder, the noble bird bounded aloft into space, as if in answering defiance; and we followed him with our eyes for a long time, till he was lost in the east. Beneath, on the ground, at fifty paces from us, was a white stork, tranquil and unruffled in the midst of the elements of discord. Twice or thrice she turned towards the quarter from whence the wind came, looking before her with a kind of careless curiosity; then she drew up one of her sinewy legs, bent her long neck on her wing, and set herself to sleep. We thought of Byron and Göthe; on the sky of tempest that hung over them, and still hangs over us; on the struggles of the one, and the calm of the other; and on the two sources of mighty poetry which they opened, followed out, and we think, exhausted.

Byron and Göthe—are two names that predominate, and whatever may happen, always will predominate, in all our recollections of the fifty years that have just passed away. They preside as masters, almost as tyrants, over that period of poetry,—so brilliant, and yet so melancholy; so glorious in youth and audacity, and yet carrying despair in its bosom "like a worm in the bud." They characterise the two great schools under which are grouped all the intelligences that rendered the era illustrious. The qualities that adorn their writings are to be found—scattered it is true—in other poets, their contemporaries; still we catch *their* names on our tongue whenever we wish to designate the poetical tendencies of the age. Their poetry pursues different, and often, opposite routes; still thought cannot glance on the one, but the image of the other immediately springs up as a sort of necessary companion. The eye of Europe has been fastened on the pair as on two wrestlers treading the same arena. Like two frank and generous combatants, as they were, they admired, praised, and held out the hand to each other. Other poets have grown up in their footsteps;—none have been so popular; none have caused so many hearts to beat, or excited so many brains. Others have found judges,—have been appreciated calmly and impartially;—not so they: for them there have been but enthusiasts or enemies—wreaths or stones. When they disappeared in the great night that enshrouds and transforms men and things, there came a wide silence around their tombs. Little by little poetry had passed away from the world, and we might say, that their last sighs seemed to extinguish that sacred flame.

Individuality has two forms, two lives; the internal and the external, subjective and objective, as the Germans call it. These two lives, these two forms, they shared between them. Byron was the poet of the subjective life, Göthe of the objective.

In Byron *self* is shown mighty and fierce, great in freedom and appetite, in all the uncontrolled plenitude of its faculties, breathing existence at every pore, active, daring, "a flaming energy," willing to snatch "the life of life." The external world on him imposes nothing; it tempers him not; to him nothing, if not his subject. Not to command its pleasures does the Byronic *self* aspire to rule it, but solely for the dominion, to exercise it on the Titan strength of its will. He draws not even from it, to speak accurately, colours, sounds, or images; for it is *he* who colours, *he* who sings, *he* whose image is every where reflected and reproduced. Poetry passes from him to things external. He holds his state in the centre of the universe, and thence gives out the light that kindles at his soul's hearth—scorching as the rays of the sun concentrated. Thence the terrible unity that worn-out and superficial readers alone can take for monotony. Byron's heroes, whatever form they may please to assume, all resemble each other; for they are all brothers, all the poetical children of his powerful thought, all springing from the depths of his conception, none of them from without. And they are born free—born for the struggle, not for servitude. They believe in themselves. They defy the world, the conventional society around them, good and evil principle; they "will bend to neither." In life as in death, they "stand upon their strength;" they resist every power, for their own belongs entirely to themselves; it was purchased by

—superior science—penance—daring—
And length of watching—strength of mind—and skill
In knowledge of our fathers."

They court not love; they *seek* it not, they *will* it; and it might be said that it is by a sort of fascination of the will that they find it. They dread not sorrow nor danger; they front them fearlessly, and will not deviate from their route an inch to avoid them. Each of them would be estimated as worth the whole of society; and should he find himself not at ease, would set his strength to break it piecemeal. Each is the personification, slightly modified, of one same type, of one same idea; the man-king, but the solitary king—the *individual* free, but nothing beyond free, such as the epoch now ending has made him—Faust, but without the covenant that yields him to the enemy.

Are they happy?—happy, we mean, not in the vulgar happiness of success—for men wreck themselves and are merry—but happy with a cheerfulness that flows from the consciousness of its own strength, happy with the enjoyment that accompanies the feeling of life in the plenitude of independence? No; they are not—and that is the ring that links the poetry of Byron to the future. They could not be so; for they all carry in their breasts, without telling it, without taking count of it even themselves, the ideal of another world, the presentiment of a life that liberty alone could not give them. Free they are: iron souls in iron frames, they climb the Alps of the physical world as well as the Alps of thought; still their visage is stamped with a gloomy and ineffaceable sadness—still their thoughts, whether with Cain and Manfred they plunge into the abyss of the infinite, "intoxicated with eternity," or whether with the Corsair and the Giaour, they scour the vast desert or the boundless ocean, still are they followed by a certain secret and ever-wakeful terror. We would say they drag rivetted to their feet the chains they have broken. Their souls feel ill at ease not only in the petty societies with whom is their struggle, but also in the world of spirit. Neither is it under the attacks of these nameless sadness—under the corroding action of powerful faculties, "inferior still to their desires and their conceptions"—under the deception that comes from within; they are "their own destroyers." What shall they do with this liberty so painfully achieved? On whom, for what, shall they spend the exuberant life boiling in their veins? *They are alone*; there is the secret of their sadness and their impotency. They thirst—Cain has said it for them all:—they "thirst for good," and they cannot produce; for they have neither mission, nor belief, nor understanding of the world they desire to transform. They have never thought on that humanity which is thronging around them, which has thronged before them, and which will throng after them. They have never thought on the place they occupy between the past and the future—on the continuity of labour that unites generations—on the grand object of common perfection, to be realised only by common efforts,—on the spiritual and post-sepulchral life on this earth of the individual, by the thoughts that he transmits; and, perhaps, when he lives devoted and dies in hope, by the guardian agency that it is given him to exercise unseen over his brothers in terrestrial relationship. Alone they stand before God, and they recoil terror-stricken; alone, in face of the universe, and they feel cowed by its grandeur; and in place of drawing new strength from that ocean of life they comprehended so well—we need no other proof than the wonderful third canto of "Childe Harold"—they lose they own, they are absorbed; the individual is so little in the presence of God and the world! Thus, gifted with a liberty they know not how to use—with an active strength they know not how to apply—with a life whose object they know not—discontented and irritable, they lead an unsteady and useless existence. They die alone, as they have lived; unknown, unwept, they fall like the dead leaf into the current that bears ages on its bosom. Nature, that they so much loved, blooms indifferent over their tomb.

No, never have we seen the life and death of solitary individuality so energetically, so thoroughly summed up, as in the pages of Byron. How is it that those who reproach him with the habitual melancholy and the frequent frenzies of his characters, have not perceived that it is precisely by these frenzies and this melancholy that the work of the poet is moral, social, and prophetic? There is much of calmness in Göthe,—do we gain any thing more in consequence?

Göthe—individuality in its objective life—living at the same time as Byron, and having like him a consciousness of the then actual reality, followed an absolutely opposite path. After he also had uttered his cry of anguish in Werther—after having stated in all its frightful nudity, in Faust, the problem of the epoch, he thought he had done enough, and refused to occupy himself with the solution. Perhaps he despaired of the task, as beyond his powers; perhaps the feeling of resistance to social ill, that broke out for an instant in Faust, exercised his soul in secret for a long time afterwards. He himself remarked in his later years, commenting on a Frenchman who when he saw him exclaimed "That is the face of a man who has suffered much," that he should have said, "*This is the face of a man who has struggled energetically.*" But there remains no trace of this in his works. Whilst Byron writhed, bleeding, under the ill, he attained the calm—we cannot say of victory—but of indifference. In Byron, the man always overcame the artist; in Göthe it was smothered by the artist. In him there was no subjective life; no unity coming from the head or the heart; Göthe is an intelligence that receives, elaborates, and reproduces. Poetry is affluent to him in external objects—from all points of the circumference to him as centre. He takes, his lofty watch alone in the midst of creation: his curious look dives with the same penetration and the same interest into the bottom of the hare bell's cup and into the ocean's depths. The rose exhales to the sky its eastern perfume—the sea throws on its shores the breakage of a hundred wrecks; but the aspect of the poet remains calm: they are for him but two forms of the Beautiful, two subjects for his art.

Göthe is a poet of details, not of unity—of analysis, not of synthesis. None so able as he to divo into details, to set off trifling points; none to throw so beautiful a light on parts; but the connecting tie escapes him.

His performance is a magnificent encyclopedia unclassified. He has felt every thing, but he has not felt the whole. Happy at catching a spark of the beautiful from the humblest blade of grass gemmed with a dew-drop—happy at discovering the poetical element beneath an incident in appearance the most prosaic, he knew not how to reascend to the common focus and to frame anew the mighty ascending scale, in which, to avail ourselves of a fine expression of Herder, "each creature is a numerator to the grand denominator, which is Nature." How could he!—he who had no place in his works, and in his sympathies as a poet, for Humanity, the crown of the pyramid, which alone determines the worth of sublunary beings? "Religion and politics (said he) are a troubled element for art: I have always kept myself aloof from them as much as possible."

Around him were being agitated matters of life and death for millions; around him were resounding the war-songs of Körner; Fichte, at the close of one of his lectures, threw himself, with a musket on his shoulder, into the ranks of the volunteers, who rushed forward—(alas! what have kings made of that magnificent outburst)—to fight the battles of their country; the ancient soil of Germany heaved with the future under their footsteps: he, an artist, looked on!—his soul, old before its time, stirred not at this movement of his nation; his genius, become entirely passive, kept itself without the current of action that carried away whole races. He witnessed the French revolution in its terrific grandeur; and whilst a world crumbled under its blows—whilst the good and candid spirits of Germany, who had fancied that the birth of another world might come to pass without the labour-pains, were wringing their hands in distress at sight of the crisis—he found in it only the subject of a farce. He saw Napoleon, his glory, and his fall. He saw the reaction of forgotten nationalities—sublime prologue to the grand epic of the people which will one day or the other unfold itself! He remained frigid. He neither learned to estimate men, nor to better them, nor to suffer with them.

Such were Goethe and Byron in their general traits: both great poets—distinguished and approximated, if we may be allowed the expression, by a striking analogy of contrasts—pursuing two independent and opposite paths to arrive at the same point, at a homogeneous conclusion. Life and death, character and poetry, every thing differed in them; and yet the one completes the other. Both are the children of fatality; for it is, especially at the close of epochs, that what has been the law of Providence for generations assumes with respect to individuals the appearance of fatality; and compelled by that, they go on, without knowing it, to work out the accomplishment of a great mission. Goethe contemplates the world in parts, and delivers the impressions that he received one by one just as chance supplies them: Byron looks at it from one single comprehensive point of view, and modifies in his own soul all the impressions that ensue. Goethe successively absorbs his individuality in each of the objects that he aims at portraying; Byron stamps every object with his own individuality. Nature is to Goethe the symphony, to Byron the prelude; she furnishes to the one the matter, to the latter the occasion, for his verse: the one executes, the other obtains his inspiration, and composes. Goethe better expresses *lives*; Byron, *life*. The one is more vast, the other more profound. The first skims the plain in his flight; he just moistens his plumage in the ocean-foam, and loves not to explore its depths; he plays on the surface of the tempest, but never buries himself therein. The second investigates, searches till he reach the root of things; like the true aquatic diver, he plunges boldly into the watery profound, without a thought that he may find there the voracious shark. The first looks everywhere for the beautiful, he loves harmony and repose; the second, for the grand, and he adores action and force. Characters like those of Coriolanus and Luther disturbed Goethe. We know not if, in his numerous pieces of criticism, he has ever spoke of Dante, but, assuredly, he must have felt for him somewhat of that antipathy felt also by Sir Walter Scott; and if, from respect to art, he placed him in his Pantheon, certes, he threw a veil between the eyes of his soul and the lofty and saddened countenance of the exile who dreamt of the empire of the world for his country, and, through her, of the harmonious development of that world. Byron drew inspiration from Dante; he loved Franklin and Washington; he followed the comet-like career of Napoleon, the greatest genius of action that our time has produced, with all the sympathies of a spirit covetous of the quality: he was indignant—perhaps wrongly so—that he died not in the struggle. Travelling in Italy, that second father-land of all spirits blessed with poetry, these two still pursued a divergent route; the one experienced sensuousness, the other emotion; the first attached himself especially to nature, the second to extinct grandeur, to living wrongs, to the traces of humanity. And yet throughout these contrasts that we here merely enunciate, but which we could well support by extracts from their works, they arrived—Goethe, the poet of individuality in his objective life, at the selfishness (for with regret we say that it is one also) of despair. Double condemnation of the epoch they represented, and came to close!

Evil was not brought into the world by these poets: it was about, in the air, in that society that now seeks to charge it on them. They saw it, felt it, resented it; they were themselves the first victims: how then was it possible that it should not be reproduced in their verses? Is it not the first characteristic of genius to assimilate to itself the utmost of the life of its time? It is not by deposing Goethe and Byron that we shall destroy what there is still amongst us of sceptical indifference and anarchical despair: it is by making of ourselves believers and organisers. Be such, and fear nothing:—as is the public, so will be the poet. Reverence enthusiasm, self-devotion, the hopes of immortality, virtue, country, and humanity: let your hearts be pure, your intelligences patient and firm; and the genius that should register your aspirations for the future, and carry to heaven on the wings of sacred melody your vows, your thoughts, and your sufferings, will not be wanting. Let these statues remain. What fear you? Do the noble monuments of the feudal times create a desire to return to the condition of serfs? But there are imitators! We know it well; but what influence can they exercise on social

life who have no life in themselves? They will flutter in the vacuum as long as vacuum there shall be. On the day that something shall take the place of what has just deceased, they will disappear like wandering spirits at the crow of the cock that heralds the coming day. Shall we not then feel ourselves strong enough in belief to respect the great historic figures belonging to an anterior period? Truly, it would be useless to speak of social art—of conceptions widely sympathetic—of the intelligence of Humanity, if we could not raise on our altars other gods without trampling the ancient under foot—if we were not capable of extracting and revering the eternal principle that is in them, without linking ourselves to what they have vicious and imperfect. Let those alone venture to utter the sacred name of Progression who have in their brain intelligence enough to comprehend the past, and in their heart poetical religion enough to respect in it all that it has of greatness. Believers in art, our temple is not a little sectarian chapel, it is a vast Pantheon; and in this Pantheon the glorious images of Goethe and Byron will keep their place and our admiration, long after Gothism and Byronism shall be no more mentioned.

And in this holy reverence that our spirits, purified from all irritation and all fear, will pay to the "mighty dead," we know not if Goethe will obtain a larger share of our admiration as an artist: but we do know, and we hesitate not to declare, that Byron will obtain a larger share of our love, as a man and a poet;—the larger for that our injustice has been, and still is, the greater towards him. Whilst Goethe separated himself from us, and from the summit of his serene Olympus seemed to smile with disdain at our desires, our sufferings, and our griefs, Byron lingered through the world, sad, gloomy, unquiet, bearing the barb—the barb of us all—in the wound, and made not even one effort to draw it thence. It might be said that desires, sufferings, struggles,—he longed to take them all on himself, to relieve us—us, his brothers. Never did he desert our cause; never was he false to human sympathies. Solitary and unfortunate from his infancy; cruelly wounded in his first love, and still more cruelly in his marriage; annoyed by pecuniary difficulties; forced to quit his country—his home—his child; friendless—we have seen it since his death; pursued, on the Continent, by a thousand absurd tales, and by the cold malignity of a world that made even his sorrows a crime, he preserved, in the midst of inevitable reaction, his love for his sister, his Ada, his pity for misfortune, his fidelity to the affections of the years of his childhood and youth, even from his old nurse Mary Gray to Lord Clare. He was generous of his money to those to whom he could be useful, from his literary friends to the wretched libeller Ashe. Impelled by the temper of his mind, by the period in which he lived, by the fatality even of his mission, towards a poetry whose place has now to be filled, towards the incomplete tendency we have sought to characterise, he by no means set himself up as a standard; he presaged the future; he vindicated the prescience of genius, in this definition hitherto misunderstood, and yet the best we know of,—*"Poetry is the feeling of a former world and a future."* he always preferred activity for good, to all that his art could do. Surrounded with slaves and their oppressors, a traveller in countries where remembrance even seemed extinct, a witness of the progress of the Restoration, and of the triumph of the principles of the Holy Alliance, he never swerved from his courageous opposition; he publicly preserved his faith in the rights of the people, in the final triumph of liberty, in the duty of devoting body and soul to hasten it whenever the occasion should present itself. The passage following, the very abstract of the law of our present efforts, is from his pen;—"Onwards! it is now the time to act, and what signifies *self*, if a single spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenched to the future? It is not one man, nor a million, but the *spirit* of liberty which must be spread. The waves which dash upon the shore are, one by one, broken, but yet the ocean conquers, nevertheless. It overwhelms the *Armada*, it wears the rock, and, if the Neptunians are to be believed, it has not only destroyed, but made a world." At Naples, in the Romagna, wherever he saw a spark of life stirring, he was ready for exertion or for combat, could it but break into flame. His lay was of splendid ruins, lofty thoughts, and great actions; he stigmatised baseness, hypocrisy, and injustice, whencesoever they sprang. Thus lived Byron—unceasingly tossed between present ill and future hopes—often unequal, sometimes sceptical, but always suffering, even when he seemed to laugh; always loving, even when he cursed.

The "eternal spirit of the chainless mind" never assumed amongst us a more brilliant port. A transformation of that immortal Prometheus whose cry of agony and woe, yet of futurity, rang out at the cradle of the European world, and whose grand and mysterious form, transfigured by time, reappears from age to age, between the entombing of one epoch and the accession of another, to wail forth the lamentation of genius, tormented by a presentiment of things that it will not see realised in its time—Byron, too, had the "firm will" and the "deep sense"—he, too, made of his death a victory." When he heard a cry of patriotism and liberty arise from the land that he had so much loved and sung in his early youth, he left his harp unstrung and set forth. Whilst the powers of Christendom were protocolising, if not doing worse,—whilst the nations of Christendom gave aims of a few piles of ball to the Cross struggling with the Crescent, he, the poet and pretended sceptic, went to throw his genius, his fortune, and his life at the feet of the first people that rose, and to mingle in the ranks of her combatants. We know no more beautiful symbol for the destinies of art in our modern times than the death of Byron in Greece. The holy alliance of poetry with the cause of the people—the union, still so rare, of thought with action, the only one that makes complete the human Verb, the only one that will emancipate the world—the grand solidification of men of all nations in the conquest of the rights which God has given to all his children, and in the accomplishment of the mission for which alone they were granted—all that makes our religion and our hope, shines forth gloriously in this image, that we, barbarians as we are, have already forgotten.

For ourselves, in these few pages—brief, but written from the heart—we have endeavoured, as far as was in us, to put criticism on a wider, more impartial, and more useful path than that which seems so generally followed. The voyagers of the fourteenth century relate that they found at Te-

neriffe a prodigiously lofty tree, whose immense extent of foliage collected all the noxious vapours of the atmosphere, which the branches, on being shaken, discharged in a shower of pure and wholesome water. Genius is the parallel of this tree; and the mission of criticism should be to shake its thick branches. Now-a-days, like the savage, she seems bent on cutting it down to the very root.

THE FASHIONABLE SPIES.

At the brightest period of the Empire, the house of the Countess de M—— was considered one of the most agreeable in Paris. The Countess was a woman between forty-five and fifty, whose mature age had not obliterated the splendour of her younger years. People of perfidious memories pretended that in spite of her name and title she had never held a very distinguished, nor a very orthodox station in the society of former times. The heralds might, perhaps, have found much to say to her pedigree. But the Countess's title and name recommended her, nevertheless, powerfully enough at a period when aristocracy recovered its sway. The favour was therefore eagerly sought of being presented to the lady who did with perfect gracefulness and *bon ton* the honours of one of the most elegant drawing-rooms of the Chaussee d'Antin. In general, at Paris, people flock wherever pleasure is to be found, without displaying much rigour about the chapter of inquiries. Many people are content with their own respectability, and will unscrupulously reckon among their acquaintance, and even their friends, persons for whom they would not answer in all things. The most celebrated artists, the prettiest women of Paris, imparted a twofold charm to Madame de M——'s parties. The Institute came and sat itself there by the side of Finance; and sometimes returned emigrants would meet there their former banishers. The Countess gave all her guests an equally gracious reception. She professed great toleration as regarded political opinions. Her drawing-room seemed a neutral ground, a land of privilege and franchise; and the liberty enjoyed in it was not its least attraction. When the Countess was told that she was very imprudent to permit such freedom of speech at her house, she would put on a charming smile and reply, "Do you think that I had not much rather quarrel with the Emperor than with my friends?"

What were the Countess's real situation and fortune? It costs very dear at Paris to receive company in a brilliant style. Long a widow, the Countess said that she had landed property in Belgium, or in the departments beyond the Rhine. The public, besides, would have been very indiscreet in meddling with the affairs of a person at whose house such agreeable evenings were spent. The Countess de M—— formed part of the 399 or 400 elect composing all Paris, when one says, "All Paris was there, all Paris will be there." A first performance of a play would rather have been given without the prompter, without the actors even, than without Madame de M——; for, though she lay no claim to authorship she had contrived to give her assemblies a certain literary varnish, and more than one poet had sought the suffrage of the *habitués* of her house before seeking that of the public.

Two or three months had elapsed since a new guest had got himself introduced at the Countess's. Baron d'A—— (he decked his name of Italian termination with the title of Baron) was a man of distinguished manners, of respectable age and figure, whose finger was ornamented with a fine antique cameo, and button-hole displayed several foreign orders. He had travelled much, seen much, and talked admirably, as he plunged his fingers into a superb gold snuff-box. He was one of the most renowned *dîneurs en ville* of his times. He had carried far the art of having always a seat awaiting him at some good table, where he paid for his fare with witty sayings. Nevertheless, they who saw the Baron most frequently had never been to his dwelling. They scarcely knew where he resided, for he avoided, as much as possible, giving his address. In that respect he never lacked pretexts. At one time he was about to remove—at another the painters had invaded his apartment, and not left him room enough for an arm-chair to receive his visitors.

Paris is the land of those anonymous livelihoods which are never to be seen at home *en deshabille*, like those women who show themselves but after stuffing their figures and painting their faces. The livelihoods we advert to are a perpetual problem, a living enigma—gold on the surface, mud at the bottom; dark mysteries, that probably have good reasons to dread broad daylight.

Every Wednesday, the day on which Madame de M—— received company, the Baron had no engagement so pressing as to prevent his being one of the first to arrive in the Countess's drawing-rooms. A liberal player, losing and winning with equal good humour, but one imperfection was known in him, and that was an involuntary one: it was a deafness, which often compelled him to make others repeat what they had said, and thus somewhat fatigue their lungs; but the Baron apologized for, and so gracefully joked about, his infirmity, that one would almost have regretted the absence of it. Besides, in the eyes of the world, deafness, with all its inconvenience, is not without its merit: you like sometimes to talk without being heard, as if you were alone, and a deaf person is nobody.

Nevertheless, some unpleasant rumours happened to spread about Baron d'A——. The mystery he surrounded himself with excited comment. One morning, as Madame de M—— chatted in her *boudoir* with two or three *intimes*, one of them, a poet then in fashion, availing himself of a pause in the conversation, assumed a grave look, and, addressing Madame de M——, said—

"By-the-bye, my dear Countess I have a disclosure to make to you."

"Pray, what is it? Judging from that serious look of yours, I should imagine—"

"It concerns the reputation of your house. You pride yourself with reason upon receiving but the best company."

"Certainly, and I flatter myself that all who come here—"

"Well, excuse the warning I am bound in friendship to give you. A man has had himself introduced to you to whom you would no doubt have

shut your door upon, if aware of his situation in life. The Baron d'A——, with his crosses—"

"Pray proceed."

"Has good reasons to wrap himself up in mystery. His profession is not such as one boasts of. He is said to be in great favour with Fouché, who employs him on confidential missions."

"What! Baron d'A—— attached to—"

"The police, my dear Countess."

"You joke! What! select a deaf man for a spy? You wrong the Duke d'Otrante."

"Ay, but the Baron, or pretended Baron, is not a bit deafer than you or me. His ears are excellent ones, and he uses them in the best possible manner. It must be owned that his deafness is admirably played. A good idea indeed. Who would suspect a spy in a deaf man?"

"But now are you quite sure of what you say?"

"I am, at least, quite persuaded of it, though I may not have palpable proof to give you. Others are quite as convinced as I am, and I warn you that many persons talk already of giving up the pleasure of attending your charming Wednesdays rather than meet that man. How can one sit down by the police? Fouché leaves not a house sheltered against his tools! He has spread his net over all Paris, all France! His infernal police extends from the highest to the humblest ranks of society, and selects its *ames damnées* under the coat of the man of the world, and under that of the valet. Informers in livery announce and serve one at table. There are tariffs for infamy of all degrees, and treachery on every floor. Fouché could have taught even the Venetian Republic of Ten."

The Countess, during this vehement tirade, dissembled a slight agitation and transient uneasiness. "Sir," said she, "I thank you for communicating such a discovery. I cannot fling an affront into the face of a man admitted into my house, without first affording him an opportunity of repelling the suspicions raised against him. I shall have a private explanation with Baron d'A——."

"Be it so, my dear Countess; if his vindication be satisfactory (and we trust entirely in your own penetration and diplomacy) we shall be delighted to be undeceived in this respect, and shall believe in his defence. Your house is so comfortable and agreeable! Let your drawing-rooms, at least, remain free from contamination!"

This conversation left the Countess very pensive. The honour and vogue of her drawing-rooms were endangered if Baron d'A—— were not excluded, or vindicated not his character in such way as to remove all doubt. There was no hesitating.

On the following Wednesday company crowded at the Countess's. The eagerness of the *habitués* of her assemblies had on the occasion an additional stimulus. They were desirous to see what sort of reception would be given to a personage denounced as a confidant of the police.

Baron d'A—— arrived early, as usual, with his crosses, cameo, gold box, and lace frill. He had too much the habit of the world, and sagacity, not to remark a certain coolness and reserve about him. The conversation was less animated than usual. His salutes were returned with a degree of stiffness, and his questions answered with but what politeness strictly required. Nevertheless, as a man *qui sait vivre*, he appeared to perceive no change, and lost nothing of the unshakeable ease of his manners.

Rode's concertos, and Garat and Dalvimare's romances, had charmed the audience though, rather diverted from the music by the grand prepossessing topic. The Countess, splendidly dressed, was as gracious and affable as usual. At length she availed herself of a moment when the Baron had entered the boudoir, to breathe a less suffocating air than that of the drawing-rooms. She followed him, shut the door, and being alone with him—

"Sir," said she, after some pause, and without raising her voice, "I would speak with you."

Baron d'A—— apologized with the best grace for his unfortunate deafness, which deprived him of the happiness of hearing so sweet a voice.

"Sir," added the Countess, in a higher tone, "I should do you serious wrong if I concealed an accusation which you will, I doubt not, easily repel."

"An accusation! Pray speak on, Madame!" replied the Baron, without betraying the slightest discomposure.

"Sir," said the Countess, with some perplexity, "most assuredly.... your position.... is your own business.... concerns but yourself. I have hitherto done myself the pleasure, the honour, of receiving in your person a man of good company.... without asking more of you. However, you must be sensible that as mistress of a house.... I have duties imposed upon me.... and have perhaps certain rights...."

"Which cannot, Madame, be better placed than in your hands."

"You will, therefore, permit me to tell you that unfavourable reports.... have been circulated respecting you. It is alleged.... Again I say I am but noticing reports without judging of them.... it is alleged that your position.... is equivocal.... in short, that you are secretly connected with a certain department, a connection which...."

The Baron fixed the Countess with a sharp and sardonic look. Though her voice had dropped amidst her hesitations in uttering the last sentence, he did not make her repeat it.

"In short, Madame," said he, with much assurance, "you have been told that I was attached to the police."

"Yes, Sir," whispered the Countess, much relieved by the grand word having been uttered.

"You may believe it, Madame," added the Baron with the same *sang froid*.

"In such case, Sir, is your place here? My house is a respectable one. I enjoy and deserve public regard. I know not, Sir, what you come for to my drawing-rooms."

Baron d'A—— looked at the Countess sharper still, and slowly extracting a pinch from his gold snuff-box—

"I come to your house," said he, "in the name and by command of his

Excellency the Minister, to ascertain whether you duly earn the three thousand francs paid to you every month. I must do you the justice to say that you have hitherto conscientiously acquitted yourself of your task."

At these words the Countess stood petrified.

"Compose yourself, Madame," continued Fouche's servant; "I have no interest in ruining you in your occupation, but you have as little in ruining mine. If we have never met at the Police Minister's it is because you have your hours and I have mine. I might have invented some story, got up some romance; but perhaps I should not have convinced you, whilst now, you will agree, you have nothing to object to the rights I possess likewise to public esteem and regard."

"No, Sir, no!....quite the contrary!"....The Countess re-entered the drawing-rooms calm and serene. The Baron returned with her.

"Well, what of the explanation?" inquired the aforesaid *intimes*, as soon as they could take the Countess apart.

"It has proved quite to the advantage of the Baron. Motives of delicacy, which you will appreciate, command my silence upon the particulars of our conversation; but he is in every respect a perfectly honourable and shamefully calumniated man."

"None can answer better for him than yourself, dear Countess."

The Countess de M——'s drawing rooms retained all their vogue and eclat.

There was a *police* and a counter-*police*. Have they gone by with the days of glory of the empire?

French Print.

A DAY AT A CONVENT.

More years since than it is desirable to remember, or pleasant to recall—for time, alas! has crushed some fair and cherished blossoms in his rushing flight—I was visiting a Catholic family in Essex, in which family was domesticated a priest, whose kind heart and courteous benignity of manners won the affections of all the younger members of the happy party assembled in that dear old house. O the early morning walks—the noonday idleness—the gay, gossiping, evening rambles amid the pastoral scenery in all the luxuriant leafiness of summer—the mazy maze of our arguments, argued with all the wisdom and experience of eighteen or twenty years, unexposed to anxiety. How widely is that happy group scattered! One, a blithe and bonny wee thing, all smiling, mirth, and innocent vivacity, the very personification of Thalia, married to the most sedate, dispassionate, calm, cold-calculating of human beings. Another helpless victim of *super-fastidiousness*, that would shriek if a spider but fell on her fair neck, and horrify our good priest by throwing herself into his arms for protection against the tiniest frog that crossed her path, is now a wife with a large little family in the far off back woods of America. "Another, and another, and yet another," sleep beneath the green turf, or the cold stone; one—only one—with our early friendship uneffaced by time, unchanged by sorrow;—another—but enough of the unquiet retrospect.

Our good priest, who had nothing of a proselyting spirit about him, would occasionally talk to us heretics of the imposing ceremonies of his own church—its dignified ritual—its touching music—its splendid and sublime paintings—its fragrant incense—and all the etceteras that characterized it; but it was of convents and their inmates that we loved to hear, "and with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse." One day, after I had in a *tete-a-tete* wearied him "exceedingly" with my numberless questions, he promised that on some bright day, that should unite all that was desirable, and exclude all that was disagreeable, he would take me and my chosen friend and companion to see a convent that was not more than twenty miles off—a promise with such a contingency, made at this *very* *now*, I should never expect to see fulfilled, but then I looked forward with the romantic confidence of youth to many such; indeed, life was all *coleur de rose*, and blue skies, and bowers of roses, where "the trail of the serpent" was never to come, were alone put down on my chart of the future.

At length the day that came up to the good priest's idea *did* arrive: it was a bright sunny morning in September, when not a leaf had lost its freshness, and no tint foretold that autumn was nigh, that he handed us, with all the politeness of the nation in which so many of his years had been passed, into the carriage that was to convey us to New Hall, the residence of a sisterhood of nuns who had been driven from Liege by the republican army. Apart from the peculiar interest we attached to it, New Hall is most worthy of note; it was originally called Beaulieu, and in 1524, Henry VIII. kept the feast of St. George there: his arms, finely wrought, adorn the hall, and we were told that the Duke of N—— had offered a most magnificent sum for them, which however, was refused; there were also the arms of Queen Elizabeth, with an inscription in the Italian language. The door was opened by the portress, a comely dame, whose round and pleasant face displayed no symptoms of fasting. We were shown by a lay sister into the parlour of the Lady Abbess, who advanced to meet our kind introducer, and knelt to receive his benediction with the sweetest grace imaginable; she had only been a few months in her office, and was the sister of Sir William J——. I shall never forget my surprise at the sight of this lady—wrinkled, austere, meagre, on the shady side of sixty, with thin cheeks, hollow eyes, pale and trembling lips, had been the picture that my imagination had drawn of a lady abbess. O how different was the beautiful woman before me!—she could have been scarcely thirty, with the most dazzling complexion, the softest eyes, the sunniest smile, displaying the whitest and most regular row of teeth I ever beheld; you could not look at her without feeling sure that she was as gentle and good as she was graceful and lovely;—and to think of her looking so captivating in her nun's dress of black serge! with a bodice and sleeves of lawn, pure and white indeed as the snow—no glossy tresses escaping from the firmly bound fillet of lawn that crossed and concealed her forehead, passing under her chin, covering her ears, and leaving no part visible but her face: over her head was a black veil that when down must have reached to her feet; she had a rosary at her waist, and a small red cross on her bosom, which I presume was a distinctive mark

of her office, for as far as I recollect, the other nuns had no such ornament. She desired a sister to bring refreshments, which consisted of various wines, fruits, and cakes, most delicious to the sight and taste; and conversed with us on various subjects with the most winning cheerfulness, and to our reverend companion of the dear and distant, with deep and tearful emotion. She requested one of the nuns, Lady Elizabeth——, to show us the chapel and other parts of the convent; a request that was complied with, with the kindest alacrity and cheerful good-will. In the establishment, beside near a hundred nuns, there were, at the time I am writing, sixty young ladies of the Catholic nobility that were educated under the auspices of the sisterhood, and amid all this large number the most quiet happiness seemed to reign; but a day is but a short space to judge of these things. One of the nuns interested us greatly; she was indeed beautiful enough for a heroine of romance, and withal possessed the indispensable look of tender melancholy with which they are generally invested: her beautiful eyes, with their long dark lashes resting on her marble-like cheek, with the look of a lovely downcast penitent, seemed as if there was a silent sorrow and unimpaired grief brooding at her heart.

We were conducted by our fair guide to the entrance of a long and spacious corridor, at which she paused, and said it was called the Gallery of Silence, and the laws of the convent enjoined its observance; a wise regulation, I suspect; for fifty or sixty of the gentle sex, even if they happened to be nuns, would produce a considerable clamour in a quiet establishment. On each side of this Gallery of Muta were the cells of the nuns; the bedsteads were of iron, with curtains of a coarse material, and of a dark-blue colour: a chair, a table, a confessional, a crucifix, and an hour-glass, with one or two pictures of saints, completed the furniture. All was scrupulously clean, and possessed, in spite of its holiness, an air of comfort, though of a solitary kind. Each room had a large window, looking out on scenery that would make almost any solitude delightful. At the end of this gallery was the representation of the sepulchre of our Saviour, with his figure resting in it; the effect of which was most striking, though somewhat startling, coming on us as we emerged from the dimly-lighted corridor. The nuns are of the Sepulchra order. From thence we proceeded to the chapel, which is effective and impressive, and most judiciously arranged; it is about a hundred feet long, fifty wide, and from thirty to forty in height. But when did a woman stop to calculate numbers or measure feet? The altar was adorned with the freshest and rarest flowers, and otherwise splendidly ornamented. A nun was kneeling at it as we entered, but she appeared so absorbed in devotion, that she remained undisturbed by our approach. Some most rare and exquisite paintings hung from the walls.

After attending us thus far, Lady Elizabeth—— resigned us to an older nun, with whose family my companion was on terms of intimacy. She conducted us through the beautiful grounds surrounding the convent, and, seated on one of the many temples with which it was studded, asked us a thousand questions of the world she had for so many years resigned. She was an exceedingly lively, intelligent woman, and related to us the difficulties and perils the sisterhood encountered in their escape from Liege; their chief anxiety was manifested for the security of the relics, the ornaments of the altar, plate, pictures, &c., which were let down, in the darkest of all dark nights, from a window, into a boat where one of the holy fathers was stationed to receive it. On the walls of the temple were written numberless quotations in pencil, in a variety of handwritings, all in praise of a life of retirement.

At the very primitive hour of two we dined with the priests belonging to the establishment; beside these, there was a lady in the gay garb of the world, who presided, and two lovely girls who had abjured the Protestant faith, and taken refuge with the kind nuns; one was a Miss S——, niece of the Duke of M——. All the dishes were French, and the dinner throughout served in the true Parisian style, and never, in that proverbially gay country, was there a gayer party, or a greater display of that peculiar kind of wit that makes a social dinner so pleasant. After coffee, which it were worth going a pilgrimage to sip, we attended vespers, at which all the pupils were present, as well as the nuns; though the latter were not visible, except as their dark forms were faintly discerned through the high screen behind which they sat. O! the melody of that sweet voice that sung the Evening Hymn to the Virgin!—the silvery sounds seem now to float upon my ear. We felt it could only proceed from the lovely mouth that had given us so kind a welcome in the morning; it was the lady abbess, who thus finished the enchantment she had begun. After the service we went with our good priest to make our adieux to this beautiful woman. With her blessing she gave us a small ivory cross as a token of her good wishes, and as a memorial, as she said, of the day we had passed at a convent—a privilege that few have to record.

How often has all that passed on that day risen unbidden to my waking thoughts, and haunted my night visions! The noble hall—the tapestried parlour—the quiet cells—the magnificent chapel, with all its rich and beautiful tracery—the mellow light streaming from its painted windows—the incense—the altar—the pealing organ—the hymn to the Virgin—the stately trees—the classic temple,—all throng on my memory with resistless force and undecaying interest.

"Well, dear sir," said my companion, as we travelled homeward in the soft twilight, too much pleased and enchanted to be talkative, "would you recommend me to become a nun?"

"No, my child," replied the good padre, "I would not condemn you to a seclusion from the world, but would assign to you the more difficult, though more honourable task, of walking uncorrupted and unsullied through it."

MATHEWS, MUNDEN, AND JACK BANNISTER.

I never yet have met with any one who felt, or, at least, would acknowledge, the truth of an imitation of himself. To this observation, so general as almost to form a rule, even that greatest of imitators, the late Charles Mathews, was no exception. With an eye and an ear that in an instant, detected the peculiarities of voice, gesture, and manner of all who approached him, he was, seemingly, unconscious of his own; and, with a power of

representing those peculiarities, a power which produced in him so strong and settled a habit of imitation that he could not repeat a phrase, or relate an anecdote of a person, without unwittingly adopting his voice and manner, yet would he sensitively recoil from any attempt made by another to imitate him. A certain mimic enjoyed the reputation of "taking him off" successfully; and, such as it was, he deserved it, for the likeness was unquestionable. It was true, and free from exaggeration. Mathews, however, saw nothing in it but a caricature gross and offensive: he acknowledged nothing as a resemblance but the limping gait (occasioned by his injured limb) which the imitator counterfeited along with his other peculiarities. "There," said Mathews, peevishly, "that's what he calls an imitation of me, I suppose. Can't do it—none of 'em can do it—all try, all fail—nothing to lay hold of in me. My unfortunate accident, to be sure—they all get that, all of 'em. D—d unfeeling—call that imitation! Yet, you'll see, he'll go about, now, and flatter himself he has done it. Stupid pump! Dare say he thinks it vastly like—not a bit."

Having spoken of Mathews as an *Imitator*, it is necessary to add a word or two, lest it should be supposed I would confound him with the class of senseless mimics. Mathews's imitations of personal peculiarities, excellent as they were, were amongst the smallest of his merits. His great and unrivalled power, that which enabled him so truly to portray *character*, lay in his acute perception of the peculiarities of the mind, and in the faculty which he possessed of imitating *them*. He would study the mind of a man till (so to express it) he could think with his thought. When representing the style of conversation of the sage he would utter his wisdom; of the fool's, his folly. In the mere mimic the highest quality we recognise is a knack, or, at the best, a small talent: the spring that inspired poor Mathews was *genius*.

Here is another case in support of the position with which I started. Being one evening at the theatre, I accidentally took a seat between Munden and Jack Bannister. Mathews was giving his imitations of the actors. Amongst others he gave a very close imitation of Bannister, as Walter, in 'The Children in the Wood.' "Precious eyes!" said Munden, in a whisper, and accompanying his words with a nudge; "there's our friend Jack, to the life." On the other side, Bannister, raising his thumb to his lips and then dropping it, (a habit of his in conversation) said—"Hm!—Eh!—Now what can Charley be at! As I used to play that part, I suppose he means it for me, hm! I declare now its as much like Miss O'Neill as me, hm?—Eh, Sir?" Presently afterwards Mathews gave Munden as Sir Abel Handy. "There, now," said Bannister; "now, if you please: that's fine, eh, Sir! very fine. There's no mistaking Joey; hm?"—"Precious eyes!" again said Munden, in a voice the very echo of his imitator's; "precious eyes! why doesn't Mat give that up? Capital imitations all the rest; but he never could touch me in his life."

"O that some pow'r the gift would gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

CAPTAIN COOK'S FIRST VISIT TO BOTANY BAY.

Cape Solander, Botany Bay, is the spot whereon Captain Cook first landed; and where a brass tablet, commemorating this historical event, was erected by Sir Thomas Brisbane, G.C.B., when Governor of New South Wales.

It will be recollected that Cook was selected as a fit person to conduct the voyage undertaken into the South Pacific Ocean, for astronomical and geographical purposes, which sailed from Plymouth Sound, August 26, 1769. He was accompanied by Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks and Dr. Solander, who were appointed naturalists to the Expedition. Having visited Otaheite, and there satisfactorily observed the transit of the planet Venus over the disc of the sun, Cook resumed his voyage, July 13, 1769; and, after cruising for a month among the other Society Islands, sailed southwards in quest of the unknown continent *Terra Australis Incognita*, which was formerly supposed to exist somewhere as a counterpoise to the great mass of land in the northern hemisphere. Lofty mountains were seen October 6, and it was imagined that the object of their search was found. The land, however, proved to be New Zealand, which had not been visited by Europeans since it was discovered by Tasman, in 1642. Cook spent six months in sailing round it; and found it to consist of two large islands, divided by a narrow channel; but the warlike and savage temper of the natives hindered him from doing much to explore the interior. We now approach the locality of Cape Solander, named after one of the naturalists to the Expedition. The following details are extracted from an excellent *precis* of Cook's voyage in a popular work:

"Having now completely circumnavigated New Zealand, and being resolved to return home, Cook considered it proper to take the opinion of his officers on the route to be pursued. His own wish was to go back by Cape Horn, and thus determine the question of a southern continent; but to effect this, it would have been necessary to keep in a high southern latitude in the very depth of winter,—an undertaking for which the vessel was insufficient. The same objection was urged against proceeding directly to the Cape of Good Hope; and "it was therefore resolved," says our navigator, "that we should return by the East Indies, and that with this view we should, upon leaving the coast, steer westward till we should fall in with the coast of New Holland, and then follow the direction of that coast to the northward till we should arrive at its northern extremity; but if that should be found impracticable, it was farther resolved that we should endeavour to fall in with the land or islands said to have been discovered by Quiros."

"With this view, at dawn of the 31st of March, Cook put to sea with a fresh gale, and took his departure from a point which he named Cape Farewell. His course, which lay almost due west, between the latitudes of 38° and 40°, was nearly coincident with that of Tasman from Van Diemen's Land to New Zealand. On the 15th of April, the voyagers observed an egg-bird and a gannet, and on the next day a small land-bird alighted on the rigging, but no bottom was found with 120 fathoms. A pinto-bird and two Port Egmont hens were seen on the succeeding morn-

ing, and were considered certain signs of the vicinity of land, which, indeed, was discovered on the following day, the 19th, stretching from north-east to west.

"The most southerly point, which received the name of Lieutenant Hicks, who first descried it, was estimated to lie in latitude 38° S., and longitude 211° 7' W.; but Cook could not determine whether it joined Van Diemen's Land. He instantly made sail to the northward, and on the 28th was in latitude 34° S., when he discovered a bay, in which he remained eight days. The coast, so far as yet visited, was of a pleasing aspect, diversified by hills, valleys, and lawns, and almost every-where clothed with lofty trees. Smoke arose from the woods in several places, and some inhabitants, four of whom carried a small canoe upon their shoulders, were observed walking briskly along the shore; but, owing to the surf which broke on every part of the beach, it was impossible to approach them. On entering the bay, a few huts and several natives were seen; four small canoes were likewise discerned, with one man in each, so busily occupied in striking fish with a long spear that they scarcely turned their eyes towards the ship, which passed them within a quarter of a mile. The anchor being cast in front of a village, preparation was made for hoisting out a boat; during which an aged female, followed by three children, issued from a wood. They were loaded with boughs, and, on approaching a hut, three younger infants advanced to meet them; but, though they often looked at the ship, they expressed neither fear nor wonder. The same want of interest was shewn by the four fishermen, who hauled up their canoes, and began to dress their food at the fire which the old woman had kindled. A party were sent out to effect a landing; but no sooner had they approached some rocks, than two of the men, armed with lances about ten feet long, and short sticks, which, it was supposed, they employed in throwing their spears, came down and called aloud in harsh language, quite unknown to Tupia, (the Otaheitan,) brandishing their weapons, in evidence of their determination to defend the coast. The rest ran off, abandoning their countrymen to an odds of forty to two. Having ordered his boats to lie on her oars, Cook made signs of friendship, and offered presents of nails and other trifles, with which the savages seemed to be pleased; but, on the first symptoms of a nearer approach to the shore, they again assumed a hostile bearing. A musket was fired between them, the report of which caused the younger to drop a bundle of lances, which he again snatched up, and a stone was thrown at the English. Cook now directed small shot to be used; when the elder, being struck on the leg, ran to a hut, from which, however, he instantly returned, bearing a sort of shield; when he and his comrade threw each a lance, but without inflicting injury. The fire of a third musket was followed by the discharge of another spear; after which the savages ran off. It was found that the children had hid themselves in one of the huts; and, without disturbing them, Cook, having left some beads and other articles, retired with all the lances he could find. Next morning, not one of the trinkets had been moved, nor was a single native to be seen near the spot.

"Small parties were met with at other places during the excursions in search of water, provisions, and natural curiosities. The people were perfectly naked, very dark coloured, but not black; their hair was bushy, and some very old men were observed, with long beards, while the aged females had their locks cropped short. They subsisted chiefly on fish, dressed at fires both on shore and in their canoes. The country was stocked with wood, of which, however, only two kinds were thought worthy the appellation of timber; shrubs, palms, mangroves, and a variety of plants—many unknown to the naturalists—were plentiful; birds, some of great beauty, abounded; and there were several strange quadrupeds. Such, to its first European visitors, appeared the characteristics of BOTANY BAY, so called from the profusion of plants with which, through the industry of Messrs. Banks and Solander, that department of natural history was enriched. To a harbour, about three miles farther north, "in which there appeared to be good anchorage," Cook gave the title of Port Jackson,—a name which has since become familiar in every quarter of the world. On the banks of this noble inlet have risen the towns of Sidney and Parramatta, and its waters, on which 1,000 ships of the line might ride in safety, are whitened by the sails of almost every people in Europe."

EXPERIMENTS IN KNAVERY.

Every day in London presents some new experiment in knavery. Ring-dropping is obsolete, but some ingenious modifications of it occur from time to time, which exhibit the dexterity of London practice. Some time since, a well-dressed personage, with a simple exterior, and altogether sans pretension, came rather in a hurry into the coffee-room of a theatrical tavern, and expressed his embarrassment at having found a pocket-book, which had evidently been dropt by some one going to the neighbouring theatre of the Adelphi. Some of the gentlemen came round to the box where he sat, and in their presence he examined its contents. It contained several papers, and among them a bill of exchange of some amount, several promissory notes, and some five-pound notes. What to do with the money was the question. Some of the party recommended that an advertisement should be put in some of the papers; others advised, that as the finder had exhibited himself so much a man of honour, he should propose to give it up only on receiving an adequate reward. The finder stated, that he was in such circumstances at the moment as to render reward a matter of some importance to him, but said that he could not avail himself of it, as he was about to set sail for the East next day. On this, a bystander, gifted with the spirit of speculation, offered to purchase his right for a couple of guineas, an offer which was finally accepted, and the pocket-book was made over to him, sealed in the presence of the company, at the request of the finder, and deposited in the hands of the landlord. The advertisement was then waited for, but waited for in vain.

At length the book was re-opened, and application was made to the parties whose names were on the bills. The *dénouement* now approached rapidly: the parties knew nothing of them, the bill and promissory notes were forgeries. But what was the condition of the five pound notes?

they were not forgeries, but notes of a bank which had failed ten years ago. The value of the purchase was thus reduced to the pocket-book, and the value of the pocket-book was one shilling.

Of all the persons connected with gaming transactions, billiard-markers are the most punctilious in point of character.

At a billiard-table at one of the clubs, the attendant marker, who was one of the first-rate hands at the cue, and was supposed to be a marker of immaculate honesty, was sent out by one of the players to procure change for a bill of considerable amount. Having remained absent longer than seemed necessary, the gentleman who had given him the bill began to be uneasy. The rest of the party laughed at his suspicion of a man whom he averred to be as honest as any of themselves, an averment which was probably true to the letter. The time being prolonged, and the gentleman growing more uneasy, one of the party offered, for a guinea, to guarantee the marker's return. The guinea was laid down, but the marker was not forthcoming. At length a stranger coming into the room, mentioned his having seen the marker in a cab, going at full speed out of town. The truth was quickly ascertained; the marker had received cash for the bill, put it in his pocket, and vanished. The amount of the bet was paid, the laws of honour being peremptory on the subject, and suspicion was richer by the amount of the bill than credulity.

We recollect an instance a few years ago, where one of those officials tolerably high in one of those respectable London banks, was summarily dismissed, in consequence of his attentions to a pretty actress. This foolish fellow, who had a wife of his own, less indebted to nature, and more to time, than the pretty actress, had made himself conspicuous by *billet-doux* and other absurdities, which probably proceeded no further than the blockhead's own vanity. The old wife naturally took umbrage, and as the ladies do not always proceed in the most pacific manner on those occasions, she waylaid the actress, and attempted to treat her in the way according to which St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins prepared themselves to escape the assaults of the Saracens. She fixed her ten nails in the cheeks of the dangerous beauty, and hoped to make her harmless by depriving her of her charms. The police interfered, the actress was rescued, much frightened but little hurt; the affair of course got into the papers, the banker's clerk became a public person, and the bankers, not liking to be mingled with the fracas, and justly beginning to suspect the prudence of a gentleman enamoured of pretty actresses, dismissed him from their counter.

This was a tribute paid to morals, and morals repaid the service, for within a few months it was ascertained that the ejected clerk had commenced a new business for himself, which speedily consigned him to the hands of a court of justice, which, in its turn, speedily consigned him to New South Wales. The Bankers thus escaped being made the first example of his ingenuity in supplying the expenses of a showy appendage to the Green-room. As for the hero himself, if he has not been already hanged, we have no doubt that he is figuring as a patriot among the Magna Chartaists of Sydney, declaiming, with free-born ardour against the vices of Government, asserting the rights of liberty and property, and offering the hand of fellowship to all the rabble regenerators of the bankrupt constitution of England.

All the world knows the story of the Baron at the card-table, through whose hand Lord Chesterfield stuck his fork, saying that if there were a card under the hand it would be so much the safer; but if there were none, he would apologize for the mistake. The card was found under the hand, and the ingenious German was kicked down stairs in due form.

But a more recent contrivance for rectifying the caprices of fortune was detected at one of the gaming-clubs in Malta. A Baron Wildeck, in one of the foreign regiments in the British service, had distinguished himself at the tables by a marvellous run of luck. The Baron won every thing. His style of talk was showy—his play was dashing, even his shuffling of the cards exhibited the skill which seemed to be native to every movement of the Baron. His carelessness as to winning was remarkable, yet it was not less remarkable that he always won, however *malgre*. And his manual dexterity was looked on as the more striking, in consequence of a wound in his hand which compelled him to keep it always bandaged with a ribbon.

But master as he was of fortune, he was not master of those eyes which ill fortune sometimes gives. An officer, who had seen the contents of his purse added to the Baron's a few minutes before, having nothing else to do, and in an extremely ill-humour with himself, chance, and mankind, determined to observe the Baron's play. In a short time he saw what he thought the corner of a court card peeping out from underneath the black ribbon on his hand. He looked more vigilantly; became convinced of his fact; sprang on his feet, grasped the swindler's hand, and, fixing it down on the table, called the by standers to witness the *denouement*. The bandage was stripped off, several cards were discovered under its folds, with which the science of the Baron had contrived to turn the game on all occasions.

Whether the knave made his exit by the door or the window, is not told; but his luck was stopped for the time; and unless some English heiress resolved on having a title at all risks, as is the custom of our travelled heiresses, married the Baron, and made him a man of fortune in spite of this misadventure, he has in all probability contrived to get himself hanged before this date. A man of this order must have made himself conspicuous in one way or other; and nothing but hanging could have cut short his fame, if he was to have followed the profession.

A SHORT DISCOURSE ON BORES.

The phrase "bored to death" is more than a mere manner of speaking, for it involves a possibility: to be "bored to madness" is absolutely literal. Here is a case in proof.

Some years ago an old man appeared at the Mansion House, with a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age, in charge of a constable. The boy was placed at the bar, and the old man was desired to state his complaint.

The latter, trembling from head to foot, and shaking his clenched hand, stared wildly around him; and then, turning towards the Lord Mayor, he thus addressed him:—

"Please your Majesty——"

"Your Lordship," said the clerk, correcting him.

"Yes, your Lordship."

"Not to me, Sir," said the clerk, sharply; "address yourself to my Lord Mayor."

"Now, my good man, what is your charge against that boy?" inquired the Lord Mayor.

"My Lord, my Lord," replied the old man, in a tone of mingled rage and grief, "I'm going mad."

"I'm sorry for you," said his Lordship, "but, if that is all, this is not the place you ought to come to. What have you to say against that boy?"

"That's it, my Lord; I'm going mad; 'he's driving me mad, my Lord, he's driving me mad.'"

"Driving you mad! what is it he does to you?"

"My Lord, my Lord," cried the old man, "he calls me *Tiddydoll*, he calls me *Tiddydoll*."

This was putting the gravity even of a Lord Mayor to a severe test; but though all else who were present, and had no character for such a quality to maintain, laughed heartily, his Lordship kept his countenance in a manner befitting his exalted station.

"If this is all you have to say against the lad," said the Lord Mayor, "it is a very foolish piece of business, and you must go away."

"Foolish, my Lord! what, when he calls me *Tiddydoll*? O, my Lord, you can't feel for me, if you have never been called *Tiddydoll*. He has called me *Tiddydoll* every day—many times a-day—now going on for four months, and I can't bear it any longer; indeed, I can't bear it. I shall go mad, I shall go mad."

"He is an impudent fellow; but all I can do for you is to advise you to keep out of his way."

"I can't my Lord, I can't; I would if I could, my Lord; but he lives in our alley, and I can't keep out of his way."

"Then, the next time he annoys you by calling you *Tiddydoll*, give him a good thrashing, and see what effect that will have."

"It's of no use, my Lord; I have thrashed him, but he only calls me *Tiddydoll* the more for it."

"Now really, my good man, you must go away. I cannot waste more time upon such a frivolous affair.—Remove him," said the Lord Mayor to one of the officers in attendance.

"One moment," cried the old man, "only one moment. I want law, all I want is law, my Lord."

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense! the law can do nothing to help you." And the order to remove him was repeated.

The poor old man, staring incredulously at the Lord Mayor, said in a tone of astonishment—

"What! I am being called *Tiddydoll* till it is driving me mad, and the law can do nothing to help me! Can't it?" (and he added imploringly) "are you *sure* it can't, my Lord?"

An officer was leading him out of the room, when the poor old fellow, bursting into tears and clasping his forehead with his hands, cried, in a tone of agony—

"Then God must help me, or I must go to Bedlam. If I'm called *Tiddydoll* any more, I shall go mad, I shall go mad."

The Lord Mayor, after rebuking the constable for taking so ridiculous a charge, gravely told the lad that, if ever again he called the old man *Tiddydoll*, or worried him in any other manner, he should surely be hanged, or transported for life, at the least. The boy, falling upon his knees, and blubbering lustily, assured his admonisher that he "never would worry old *Tiddydoll* again."

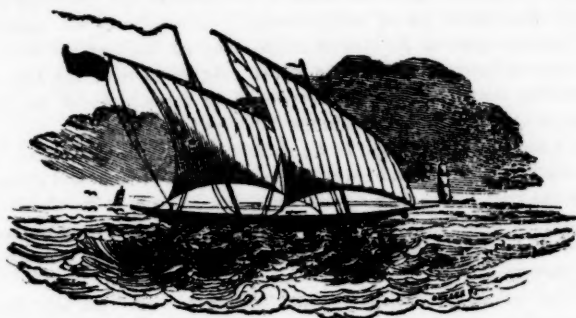
This is no fiction; nor is it difficult to conceive the total derangement of a debile mind by the irritating power of a petty, but oft-repeated, annoyance. The strongest intellects are not wholly bore-proof. If, in one of those paroxysms of frenzy into which he was goaded, the poor old fellow had strangled his tormentor, surely, surely, a jury of any twelve honest men must have returned a verdict of Justifiable Bore-icide.

THE SUPERFICIAL BORE.

Of this class I know no better specimen than Sam Smatter. Smatter has read several, if not all, of "Blair's Sermons," and he is an intrepid disputant in Theology; he has studied "Every Man his own Lawyer," and will decide you the Small and Atwood cause in a twinkling. He talks oracularly about hydrogen and oxygen; nitrates, muriates, carbonates, and sulphates; the gases, the acids, and the alkalis: though not always, perhaps, applying the terms with an exactness that would satisfy a Faraday. He disagrees with many philosophers concerning the nature of the electric fluid, and has made up his mind as to the true cause of magnetic attraction. And why should he not? or he has studied Pinnock's "Chemical Catechism" to very little purpose. Having qualified himself in astronomy by an attendance at two lectures on a Transparent Orrery, he bandies the sun, moon, and stars, as if they were so many cricket-balls; is not quite satisfied with the received theory of the tides; regrets that he is compelled to differ from Newton concerning the principle of gravitation; and (modestly confessing that, like Copernicus and Galileo, he may be ridiculed as a visionary for his notions, when, in fact, he is only a little in advance of the age) he sees clearly the practicability of catching a comet, provided he could but find the means of putting a little salt upon its tail. Smatter has read Goldsmith's abridged histories, and will talk by the hour of the various policy of the Grecian States; will enlighten you as to the true causes of the decline of the Roman Empire; and settle for you every disputed point in English history in a manner the most satisfactory. It is true that, owing to the profusion of materials which he has accumulated in his mind, he will occasionally fall into the trifling error of confounding one event, or one person, with another. For instance: he thinks Brutus was perfectly justified in expelling the Tarquins from Rome;

but that there was no necessity for his destroying Julius Cæsar. He is thoroughly satisfied it was with a malicious intention, and not by accident, that Wat Tyler slew William Rufus in the New Forest; and that Charles the First carried matters too far when he insisted on levying *pin-money*. He is tolerably well read in "Enfield's Speaker;" and, thus prepared, he will criticise, in a dashing, off-hand style, every English author from Shakspeare and Milton to Byron and Campbell—from Addison and Johnson to Southey and Scott. When in Paris, he walked three times up and down the Louvre, with a catalogue in his hand and a hired guide at his side; and now he will babble of Raphael and Titian, Correggio and Claude, of colour and *chiaroscuro*, breadth, depth, light, and shade, with all the intrepidity of ignorance. But Smatter's chief source of information is the "Penny Magazine;" from this he *crams*; and the greater portion of his talk, throughout a whole week, will be of Machiavel, Monkeys, or Maccaroni; the building of the Pyramids, or the mode of making mouse-traps; the structure of the human mind, or the anatomy and habits of fleas, according to the contents of his last number.

From the *Superficial Bore*, who is constantly thrusting into your face his little farthing candle of knowledge, which sheds just light sufficient to render visible his own ignorance—from the *Superficial Bore*, as from all other Bores, deliver us!



THE CORSAIR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1840.

HILDEGARDE.

A ROMANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

* * * * * Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season.

SHAKSPEARE.

During the dark and superstitious age of the twelfth century, few persons of religious character of either sex, maintained a more exalted reputation for piety, or exercised by the aid of prophetic oracles, and miraculous visions, greater ascendancy over the minds of both Germany and Italy, than Hildegard, Abbess of St. Ruperts, near Bingen, on the Rhine. Her claims were well suited to the age in which she lived. Crowds of persons of all ranks received her decisions as the commands of the most high God. Cardinals and Archbishops bent with obsequious acquiescence to her holy decrees, and even the papal throne, which at that period held the reins of all Europe in its powerful grasp, failed not to further its own ambitious projects by feigning to respect her mysterious and lofty pretensions. Her love for the Holy Church was pure and zealous. Her solicitude in making proselytes to its divine doctrines ardent and untiring. She left no means untried, however bold or audacious, to bring to light the gross wickedness and dark designs of public as well as private conspirators against the peace and welfare of her cherished religion.

Two hours had passed since Vespers in the private chapel of the palace of Pietro Evangelisti, Archbishop of Cologne.

Beneath the silvery illumination of an antique lamp, suspended from a small oratory near the chapel, upon a couch of lustrous material, reclined the youthful and reverend Father. Pictures of female Saints of ravishing beauty, covered the narrow walls of the lofty apartment. Piles of manuscripts, bound and clasped with gold, glistened in graceful disorder upon low tablets of marble supported by pedestals of pure silver. A female statue of exquisite creation filled the solitary Gothic window, bearing in her hand a censor lamp emitting delicious fragrance, above which fell in gorgeous folds a heavy curtain of Venetian fabric flaming with gold and violet. In the farthest corner of the voluptuous apartment was a small altar exquisitely carved, surmounted by a cross of ebony bearing the form of the expiring Redeemer, behind which burned perpetually two solitary wax candles.

Pietro Evangelisti possessed eminent personal beauty as well as men-

tal endowments of extraordinary character, for the dark age of ignorance and credulity in which he lived. Ecclesiastical preferment had been showered upon him at an early age, though 'twas whispered, the sanctity of his private life scarcely kept pace with his distinguished reputation for wisdom and learning.

The door of the Oratory softly unclosed, and a page entered, bearing a small sealed packet, which he presented on bended knee to his Worship, and instantly retired. Starting up from his reclining posture, Evangelist tore asunder the silken envelope that enclosed it, and discovered a small rosary of costly brilliants. A blush of joy crimsoned his cheek, and his dark, melancholy eyes glowed with an almost unearthly fire.

"Thy rosary, dearest Mabel!" he audibly exclaimed, pressing it passionately to his lips, "the faithful herald of thy gentle approach at the hour of confession this night! Mother of God! shield me from the curse of earthly adoration and the never-dying pangs of a wounded conscience! Already have I drank too deep of the intoxicating magic of her beauty,—I must rend this madness from my heart if every pulsation cease in the desperate effort!"

"Thy benediction, holy Father!" and Mabel, Lady of Melchir, tremblingly sank at the feet of the youthful Archbishop.

"Benedicite filia mea!—the Virgin keep thee, bud of innocence, within the shadow of her benignant love, and grant thee that peace of mind which she has promised to those who continue faithful to the last! Hast thou aught to confess this night, dear Lady?" he falteringly asked, "or is thy conscience free from the taint of earthly transgression?"

"Alas, nay Father!" and the head of the beautiful suppliant sank low upon her bosom.

"Do not tremble thus, daughter, but with a lowly spirit confess freely the omission of duty or coldness of affection, which has crept into the secret chamber of thy heart. Thou hast aught to fear. The Angel of Forgiveness is bending from her starry cloister to catch thy faintest murmur of returning love!"

"Thy words are holy and true, dear Father, but thou who hast never known the awful strength of mortal affections, whose treasures are already garnered in a purer world, and who hast little to disturb the unclouded serenity of thy life, but a trembling interest for the security of our Holy Church, thou can'st little dream of the power of human passion to win us from those visions of celestial rapture that in the solitude of life can make a paradise of itself. Alas! alas! since last I knelt to thee, those visions of rapt enthusiasm have faded from my heart! A stranger has crossed my path, of majestic stature and noble bearing, the lineaments of whose face are as yet, I blush to own it, unknown to me. We met for the first time at the masked ball at Mentz. His earnest homage could not be misinterpreted, nor his lingering step that followed me like my shadow. At the moment of my departure from the crowded scene, he glided to my side, and whispered in the soft language of the South, *we meet again*. Again and again we have met, though still shrouded in impenetrable disguise, he refuses for a time to gratify my ardent scrutiny respecting his name and rank. He has dared to breathe his love, and in tones of mysterious fascination,—proffering me a home of unsullied bliss in the more delicious association of two loving hearts than can be found in the life of religious seclusion designed for me at St. Ruperts. He has besought me on his knees to fly with him from the arbitrary protection of my guardian, to a clime that he whispers is coloured with the hues of Heaven, where the smile of the Virgin will ever descend upon us, adding new drops of joy to our cup of life, till the Night of death tears us from each other! A feverish curiosity, added to an interest that never before was aroused in my heart, is wasting the life springs of my existence. In vain do I struggle against it. Sleep has fled my eyelids, and my beads, O God, forgive me, have scarce been remembered for the past month. Distracted and desperate I throw myself at thy feet, reverend Father. I have told thee all. Pity and aid me. Lead me back into the path of duty, and drive, by any penance thy holy experience suggests, this demon from my brain!"

No voice replied to the weeping penitent at the feet of Evangelisti. Fearing that she had sinned beyond the hope of pardon, or that her struggle of maidenly pride had rendered her confession inaudible, she slowly raised her head and gazed up into his face. Her features were of that transcendent cast that we might imagine inspired the youthful visions of the divine Raphael. A combined expression of softness and energy struggled for the mastery in those lustrous orbs of hazel, blending with a smile of such trembling sweetness, as she pushed back the silken flood of tresses that shaded her cheek, as would have shaken a firmer heart than the one to which she knelt. Her robe of crimson velvet was fastened with clasps of diamonds from the waist upward, opening at the throat with a deep frill of lace, so low as not entirely to conceal the agitated bosom beneath. From her neck fell a chain of delicate links of gold, from which was suspended a small crucifix of the same metal.

Struck with dismay at the change in the appearance of the Archbishop, whose livid lips and blanched cheek gave evidence of violent and suppressed agitation, she started instantly to her feet.

"Thou art ill, holy Evangelisti! I have shocked thy pure spirit with my astounding confession of alienated devotion to my early vows?"

"Leave me, leave me, daughter," he faintly exclaimed in a hurried tone, "God forgive thee. I will see thee soon again,—care of more pressing moment than thou canst be aware of, weigh upon my clouded energies. I have need of solitude and uninterrupted communion with Heaven!"

Slowly gathering up her veil and richly embroidered train, Lady Mabel pressed his extended hand to her lips, and gazing for a moment into the passionate depths of his dark eyes with a look of undissembled astonishment, with a lowly reverence she glided like a timid fawn from the gorgeous apartment.

Months fleet past. It was twilight, blushing, melting twilight in Italy. The sun had just shot behind the distant Alps, whose snowy peaks, bathed in rosy hues, were reflected in the transparent waters of the Lago di Guardo. Upon its wild, luxuriant beach, overhung with graceful willows and twining ivy, strolled in utter solitude two beings "in the hues of youth," their dress and courtly air proclaiming them to be persons of rank.

"Ah, this is indeed a fairy world, Alberto!" exclaimed the younger companion,—"how like magic the soft air ripples the glittering lake, and for our sake parts with its tiny breath the bursting orange buds, filling the air with fragrance, and kissing my curls till they steal upon thy shoulder, dearest!"

"Then thy dreams have all been realised, my sweet bride, and no cloud of disappointment or lingering sigh of regret have stolen in upon thy sunny spirit since the hour of our sudden flight? We have indeed found a home of bewildering beauty, though I oft times tremble lest thou wilt find it too desolate, dearest Mabel?"

"Say not so. Art thou not my world, my noble husband? Could I picture in the wildest dreams of my imagination a lovelier Eden than this? With the luxuries of our little villa, and the faithful attendance of my long-attached servitors, what wish remains unsatisfied? How thou dost remind me this moment of my beloved confessor Evangelisti, not in thy kingly brow and melting eye alone, but in those low tones of tenderness that used to fall on my orphan spirit like dew upon a thirsting flower. How clear his holy image rises on my memory as I saw him the last night of my confession in his stately oratory! had no sudden and terrible emotion paralysed his powerful understanding from some inexplicable and mysterious cause, I should not, alas! have been deprived of his farewell blessing, though ere this, had I listened to his pious counsel," and the blushing Mabel shuddered slightly, "I should have been counting my beads with shorn ringlets on the romantic Rhine, among the novices of St. Ruperts. But thine eyes are full of gloom, Alberto? Art thou jealous of his bright resemblance to thee? how strange that he should never have told me of thee, his only and twin-brother?"

"Though brothers in blood, Mabel, our hearts were early sundered. For many years his name has been a forbidden theme on my lips. His early devotions to the duties of a cloister, added to the literary and ecclesiastical elevation which he afterwards attained, not only utterly separated us, but blotted me from his memory. This is a painful subject. I like not to dwell upon it. Let us retrace our steps, gentle Mabel, for the air blows chill upon thy tender cheek."

The shades of evening rapidly deepened as they left the shore. Pursuing an opposite path, they sauntered in the direction of their secluded home. Clinging to each other, Mabel would oftentimes linger to take another and another last view of the dimpling waters, while her companion, with equal intensity of delight sought a view of more surpassing witchery in the bright lustre of her eyes.

Their path lay past a wild groupe of rocks which seemed in some convulsion of nature to have been rent from the Alpine heights that frowned above. Behind these at no great distance was nestled their little villa. As they reached this point, they paused to take a last glimpse of the sleeping lake.—To their surprise they found the scene had changed within the space of a few moments. Low, muttering thunder broke on their ear, and the golden twilight was at once overshadowed by dark clouds, heralding one of those sudden and terrific storms, which in those regions sweep with such fury from the wild passes of the mountains, in a moment chasing away the sweet smile that had illuminated valley and lake, leaving desolation in their path. Mabel clung tremblingly to the arm of Alberto, as they made every effort to reach the shelter of their home before the storm reached them.

As they were emerging from the shadow of the rocks, a dark form glided before them, and with an arm of iron strength put them asunder.—Could thy majestic figure, and dress of coarsest serge, proud Hildegarde,

be mistaken, or thine eyes of fearful blackness which burnt like those of an inspired Pythoness? The stoutest heart in that age of unsuspecting belief quailed before the mysterious influence of the venerated Abbess.—The immaculate purity of her life, and her unwearied vigilance in detecting and repressing guilt, aided by those revelations which she was said to have received from Heaven, conspired to render her an object of unusual awe. Her smile gave peace to the shriven soul. Her frown spoke despair to the doomed and unrepentant.

Alberto trembled and cowered beneath her glance. With one arm she held back the fainting Mabel, with the other she wildly waved him off.

"Begone traitor! betrayer of innocence! Accursed of God and man! begone, ere the earth open and the lightnings blast thee. Hear'st thou not the voice of an offended God? It commands thee to stand no longer betwixt him and thy crushed victim, whom thou hast seduced from her early vows, and dragg'd from my holy altars! Evangelisti, Bishop of Cologne, thy fraud is discovered,—thy punishment is close at hand!"

At these words, with a wild cry, Mabel sunk senseless to the ground, and at the same moment a bolt from Heaven, as if hurled by the hand of the avenger, fell near their feet, scattering destruction and deadening every sense. Evangelisti glared wildly around. Unscathed by the lightning, the towering figure of the Abbess stood unmoved, her arm still interposing between him and the prostrate Mabel. Agonised with the torture of an accusing conscience, and the overwhelming degradation of his discovered guilt, he fled in madness in the direction of the lake.

By a signal from Hildegarde the unhappy bride was surrounded by a host of officials, who raised her with the utmost tenderness, and conveyed her to the villa. Ere morning she was far on her way to the Convent of St. Ruperts, where supported by the consolation of religion and the tender care of Hildegarde, she lingered out the few remaining years of her earthly pilgrimage.

Of the fate of Evangelisti nothing was ever heard. On that fearful night a boat was seen breasting the foaming waves, and the following morning its fragments were strewn upon the beach. Whether the proud prelate perished in the storm, or hid his guilt in the recesses of those wild mountains, was never ascertained. All search proved unavailing,—all conjecture uncertain; more fortunate than the ambitious ancient, who secretly threw himself into the boiling volcano to create the belief that he had been wafted to Heaven,—no relic was ever discovered which could indubitably prove the manner of his death.

DOINGS IN CONGRESS.—We have waited with most commendable patience for the "coming off" of a debate in Congress, that would interest our readers and afford us the gratification of adorning our columns with some specimens of American Eloquence, that would do honor to the literature of our country. We have however waited in vain thus far, and from the present aspect of affairs at Washington, we do not think it probable that any very important or constitutional question will arise, calculated to elicit the exercise of the highest talents of the House. We greatly deplore this state of things, for we are aware that there is much intellectual power in Congress, and many eloquent speakers who but wait the opportunity to put forth their strength.

Yet the present has been a stormy session—if continual bickerings,—noisy declamation and personal invective, constitute that state of the political atmosphere. We do not recollect so many instances of ill temper and personal altercation, as have occurred this winter, and in almost every instance they have been characterised by any thing else, than that lofty bearing, polished sarcasm and keen edged wit, which often render conflicts of this nature the most treasured memorials of forensic displays. Heaven grant our anticipations may be disappointed, and that after the bitterness of party feuds and personal attacks has worn itself out, there may shine forth some beams of intellectual light, and dispell the darkness that has so completely obscured the more "shining lights" of the present Congress.

POPULAR LECTURES.—The prevailing taste for public lectures seems rather to increase with the opportunities afforded to indulge it. Professor Longfellow has delivered two lectures the past week connected with the subject of Italian and French literature, in both of which he displayed his fine powers of criticism and his usual brilliancy.

Dr. Hawks selected for the subject his lecture *the Life and Character of the Lady Arabella Johnson*, a personage well known to all readers of the early history of New England, and well calculated to call forth the oratorical talents of the learned Doctor. To the descendants of the Pilgrim fathers this lecture possessed great interest, but many were prevented from attending by the inclemency of the weather.

Mr. Dana's fifth lecture was a defence of the English Drama against the charge of the critics and admirers of the French stage, that "deaths in the English tragedy are too frequent and too violent." We had not

the pleasure of listening to this lecture, but we have no doubt Mr. Dana availed himself of the very ample materials at his command, and established the point to the satisfaction of his audience.

Mr. Grimes, the Phrenologist, continues at the head of his profession—the study and illustration of which certainly requires more brains than any other. A French punster would say that is decidedly a *cerveille* pursuit, but without stopping to enquire into the truth of the remark, we will observe that Mr. Grimes possesses the skill to render his lectures very entertaining, and at the same time to convince his audience that it is “all right.”

WONDERS AND CASUALTIES OF THE WEEK.—All the star-gazers, storm-compellers, and comet-seekers were thrown into a state of wonderment and consternation on Sunday evening, by the sudden appearance of a glowing comet almost at zenith. It seemed to have sprung into existence in an instant, or shooting madly from some sphere, to have been arrested on the confines of ours, and from thence displayed illuminations through the realms of earth with a brilliancy of effect seldom before remarked. After playing the part of a comet for some time, the night's wonder changed characters, and spanning the heavens with a golden belt, it became a radiant Aurora Borealis, attracting the admiration of all beholders, till it finally faded into a mere blush of violet tinted light. On Monday evening, simultaneous almost with the Firemen's Ball at the Park, two fires broke out in different parts of the town, as if to rebuke the festivities of the vigilant guardians of the city. The great warehouse known as T. H. Smith's store was utterly burnt out, and a greater loss experienced than we ever remember to have seen stated as the result of the burning of one building. The loss will probably amount to \$2,000,000, two entire cargoes of tea having been stored beneath its roof, besides a large quantity of hemp and other valuables. On Tuesday evening also, a fire broke out of some magnitude, and another on Wednesday. They were both mastered by the prompt efficiency of the fire department. The town is becoming nervous on the subject of fires, and these continual alarms are well calculated to excite suspicion and alarm.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR DA PONTE.—We regret the painful duty of recording the death of Mr. Lorenzo Da Ponte, Professor of the Philosophy of History and Italian Literature in the New York city University. We venture to extract from a notice of his death contained in the Evening Post the following particulars of his literary life:

He was one of those few among us who loved learning for learning's sake, and his rapid progress in knowledge was the reward of his devotedness. Mr. Da Ponte was the author of an excellent History of Florence, written in a truly republican and philosophic spirit. He prepared for the press an elaborate edition of Aeschylus, with copious notes, the manuscript and stereotype plates of which were unfortunately destroyed by fire. He published, for the benefit of his Italian classes, a compend of Italian grammar, peculiar in the happy arrangement of its matter. Our larger periodicals found in him an occasional and much valued contributor. To his historical and literary attainments, which were quite remarkable, he united poetic talent of no common order. Beside three tragedies written at an early age, he was the author of a number of shorter compositions of unusual merit, and his ‘Belshazzar’ alone, manuscript copies of which are now in the hands of his friends, would be sufficient to establish his poetical reputation.

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR JANUARY.—This, our favourite Monthly, has been so “strewn over with the sweet flowers” of deserved praise by all our contemporaries, that we hardly dare venture to add our own testimony of its worth to theirs at this late day, lest our apparent tardiness should seem the result of indifference to its merits. We have a kind friend who snatches up and bears away from our sanctum for the first reading many a good thing that comes into it, and he is by far too “delicate nosed,” not to surmise the contents of the gracious Knickerbocker, and thus it has happened that our January number has but just met our eye and gladdened us with its varied contributions. The story of Perourou or Bellows-Mender, is a capital translation of the tale which suggested to Mr. Bulwer the plot of the Lady of Lyons, and well deserves the space it occupies. The ever graceful pen of the “gentle Geoffrey Crayon” has contributed two papers to this number; each characterised by the wonted excellence of their author. The editor's department evidences the untiring industry and tasteful discrimination of Mr. Clark, on whom, we learn, devolves the entire responsibility of conducting the Magazine.

We take leave to transfer from the “Editor's Table” to our own, a letter from Mr. Irving on the subject of an international copy-right law, and we congratulate the friends of this measure on having found in this distinguished author a warm and thorough-going advocate.

To the Editor of the Knickerbocker.—Sir: Having seen it stated, more than once, in the public papers, that I declined subscribing my name to the

petition presented to Congress during a former session, for an act of international copy-right, I beg leave, through your pages, to say, in explanation, that I declined, not from any hostility or indifference to the object of the petition, in favour of which my sentiments have always been openly expressed, but merely because I did not relish the phraseology of the petition, and because I expected to see the measure pressed from another quarter. I wrote about the same time, however, to members of Congress in support of the application.

As no other petition has been sent to me for signature, and as silence on my part may be misconstrued, I now, as far as my name may be thought of any value, enrol it among those who pray most earnestly to Congress for this act of international equity. I consider it due, not merely to foreign authors, to whose lucubrations we are so deeply indebted for constant instruction and delight, but to our own native authors, who are implicated in the effects of the wrong done by our present laws.

For myself, my literary career, as an author, is drawing to a close, and cannot be much affected by any disposition of this question; but we have a young literature springing up, and daily unfolding itself with wonderful energy and luxuriance, which, as it promises to shed a grace and lustre upon the nation, deserves all its fostering care. How much this growing literature may be retarded by the present state of our copy-right law, I had recently an instance, in the cavalier treatment of a work of merit, written by an American, who had not yet established a commanding name in the literary market. I undertook, as a friend, to dispose of it for him, but found it impossible to get an offer from any of our principal publishers. They even declined to publish it at the author's cost, alleging that it was not worth their while to trouble themselves about native works, of doubtful success, while they could pick and choose among the successful works daily poured out by the British press, for which they had nothing to pay for copy-right. This simple fact spoke volumes to me, as I trust it will do to all who peruse these lines. I do not mean to enter into the discussion of a subject that has already been treated so voluminously. I will barely observe, that I have seen few arguments advanced against the proposed act, that ought to weigh with intelligent and high-minded men; while I have noticed some that have been urged, so sordid and selfish in their nature, and so narrow in the scope of their policy, as almost to be insulting to those to whom they are addressed.

I trust that, whenever this question comes before Congress, it will at once receive an action prompt and decided; and will be carried by an overwhelming, if not unanimous, vote, worthy of an enlightened, a just and a generous nation.

Your ob. Servt. WASHINGTON IRVING.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON.—In an imaginary conversation between Petrarch and Boccaccio, from the pen of Walter Landor, there is the following passage:—

“The damps of autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close round us, detached from our tenacity to life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.”

The Theatre.

THE PARK.

The Firemen's Annual Charity Ball was given as usual at this house on Monday evening. Few charities are more deserving the consideration of the generous, and we believe few are contributed to with greater promptness. The festivities of the evening were conducted with great propriety, and though there must have been some fifteen hundred ladies and gentlemen present, nothing occurred to mar the entertainments, or diminish the pleasure of those who partook of the exhilarating amusements.

On Tuesday evening a very fashionable and brilliant company assembled to witness the *debut* of a new candidate for histrionic fame, in the person of Mr. Tasistro, late editor of the Expositor. The part of Zanga, in Dr. Young's play of Revenge, was selected for the occasion, it being the character in which Mr. Tasistro had appeared on the London boards; and not having been acted here for some years, it possessed all the attraction of an original performance of a new part. The favourable disposition of the house toward the *debutant* was evinced by the warm reception given him on his first appearance, and by the encouraging applause bestowed throughout the play. The acting of Mr. Tasistro disappointed us. How just soever may be his conception of the part, he failed, in our opinion, to embody that conception, and we consider his general delineation of the character little calculated to impress the spectator with admiration of his abilities as an actor. We do not feel inclined to analyse this performance, nor to point out radical defects which must have been apparent to all; and we have only to remark in conclusion, that Mr. Tasistro's subsequent personation of characters more familiar to our audiences, confirmed our first impressions of his histrionic powers.

Mrs. Fitzwilliam, we are pleased to learn, will return to us next week, and will be succeeded by the operatic *corps* in a favourite opera.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This establishment affords a certain cure for the blue Imps of darkness. Burlesque, done to a charm, is in the ascendant. The Parody of *La Sonnambula*, in which the enterprising manager enacts the part of Molly Brown, (Malibran,) is of the most convulsive kind. The Olympic Revels

performed at Madame Vestris' theatre upwards of one hundred consecutive nights, is full of fun and humour. A new heroic *extravaganza* called Billy Taylor, founded on the well-known ballad of that name, was produced on Monday last to a house, so crowded, that several of the younger visitors to the pit sought accommodation on the stage. These juvenile admirers of the art were nearly all news-boys, and Mitchell aptly remarked that the piece was sure to succeed, as he was supported by the *Press* on all sides. The crowning triumph at this Temple of Momus, is the dramaticism of that part of Nicholas Nickleby, where he encounters Mr. Crumles, the Portsmouth manager. It is admirably arranged, excellently performed, and sends a crowded audience to their beds brim-full of laughter and good spirits. Mitchell is decidedly the very best low-comedian on the stage, and amply deserves the favor he is receiving from the good citizens of New York.

THE BOWERY.

The new piece at this theatre, *The Fairy Spell*, has had a fair run. It is full of gorgeous scenery, fine dresses and mechanical changes, and is well calculated to please the curious and the younger branches of the community. On Wednesday evening, Mr. Harvey Leach (yclept Signor Hervio Nano,) a dwarf, astonished the folks with his personations of a gnome, a baboon and a blue-bottle. As the Simian hero, he terrified the audience by his boldness in crawling up the side of the Proscenium, and travelling round the outside of the third tier of boxes. We are not partial to such exhibitions, they make the blood freeze. Still, Mr. Leach is an extraordinary being, enjoying as a consolation for great personal affliction, an immense share of strength, agility and nerve. The house was crowded.

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE THEATRICAL LIFE OF MRS. BILLINGTON.

"How sweet her notes do float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night!
At every fall, smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiles."—MILTON.

Elizabeth Weichsell, afterwards Mrs. Billington, was born in Litchfield-street, Soho, 1769.

Miss Weichsell's first master was Schroeter, an excellent teacher, celebrated for the purity of his style and delicacy of expression, who took more pains than usual to cultivate so promising a pupil; her father attended to her musical education with a strictness and severity scarcely to be justified.

In 1783 Mr. James Billington, who played one of the double basses at Drury Lane Theatre, was one of her instructors; like another Abelard, he made the science of love one of the principal subjects of his lessons; she, like Eloisa, listened to his lectures with delight; and, when she was not much more than fourteen, he became her master for life. His attentions to her were too obvious not to be observed by her parents, who endeavoured, too late, to prevent the result which took place; after a very short acquaintance, they were married at Lambeth.

Almost immediately after their marriage the happy pair went to Dublin, and there Mrs. Billington commenced her vocal course, on the 5th of January, 1784. Miss Wheeler, of very inferior abilities, caused her great mortification, from the superior applause and respect which she received. Mrs. Billington was on the point of quitting the stage; and, strange to say, Miss Wheeler obtained a three years' engagement at Covent Garden, at twelve pounds a-week, while Mrs. Billington remained unnoticed. She was, however, left with the whole field to herself in Dublin, and the public very soon discovered the treasure they possessed, and had so long neglected.

In Dublin she became an object of universal attraction, but she quitted that place sooner than she intended, and, on her arrival in London, had an interview with Mr. Harris, of Covent Garden Theatre. Harris arranged for twelve nights' performance, and the bills announced that Mrs. Billington, from the Theatre Royal, Dublin, would make her first appearance on that stage in *Rosetta*, in "Love in a Village." Miss Wheeler's reputation still stuck in her throat, and she trembled for the result of her debut. She then applied to the friends she had made in Dublin, and, by the influence of one of them, their Majesties commanded the performance; and, though she had been regularly advertised for the Tuesday, on the previous day, Monday, the play-bills announced, "her first appearance, by command of their Majesties, that evening," an honour highly flattering, being unprecedented, and contrary to the custom generally observed by royalty.

This extraordinary mark of patronage at once stamped her fame, and gave her a degree of consequence in the fashionable world, of the utmost value and importance. A debut, under such circumstances, is of itself competent to insure success, even to a moderate display of talent; but, where such sanction co-operates with abilities of a superior cast, as in the present case, the success must be prodigious.

When the curtain drew up, it was apprehended that her fears would have impeded her singing. Her first duet, and the song following, were very different from the rest of her performance, which displayed more execution than any other singer who had trod the English stage had ventured to attempt. Her singing was at first "caviare to the general"—their favourite Catley gave but little cadence; and Mrs. Bannister none at all. Mrs. Billington was all cadence. The lovers of music were enraptured: the pit were doubtful whether they liked it or not, being so very different from what they had been used to; and the galleries decided it was too much like opera-singing to suit their taste. The effect produced on the orchestra was electric, particularly with the leader, who was so wrapped in astonishment at one of her magnificent cadences, as to neglect

giving the chord at the close, till a cessation of all sound in the orchestra awoke his senses.

Her face was beautiful and expressive, her figure graceful; her voice possessed a peculiar sweetness of tone, and was of great extent, but it wanted what Dr. Burney would call *calibre*. The most scientific songs she executed with bewitching taste and affecting pathos; and, though her voice was not over-powerful, it possessed great variety and a most perfect shake.

It was some time before her novel style was entirely relished by the middling class. This, and the jealousies of the singers of the old style, made her situation in the theatre not very enviable.

In the summer of 1786 she went to Paris, in order to take lessons of the great Sacchini, where she continued to fortify and strengthen her natural gifts with ornament and science.

In a few months she returned to Covent Garden, where she continued to appear every season until 1791.

The following year Mrs. Billington and her husband went to Naples, she having resolved upon quitting public life, and retiring upon the competency she had acquired, being only then twenty-five years of age. Mr. and Mrs. Billington were accompanied by her brother. When they reached Naples, Sir William Hamilton was ambassador there from England. Proud of an artist from his own country, whom he thought would eclipse all competitors, he persuaded her to sing to the King and Queen, at their private residence at Caserta. Their Majesties were so delighted with her, that they would not allow her to depart from the palace until she had consented to sing in public (and she wanted but little persuasion); and, accordingly, on the 30th of May, 1794, she made her *entree* at the Theatre San Carlo, then the first musical establishment in the world, in an opera composed for her by Bianchi, called "Igne de Castro." Her success was great, her triumph complete, and not a word more was heard of retiring. On the next day, after dining at the Bishop of Winchester's, as Mr. Billington was preparing to escort his wife to the theatre, he was suddenly seized with an apoplectic fit, and expired in Bianchi's arms, without uttering a word. An eruption of Vesuvius took place almost immediately after, and, such was the prejudice of the Neapolitans, that they attributed the calamity to the introduction of a heretic on their stage. The excitement was such that her friends actually had apprehensions for her personal safety. Her talents, however, prevailed; she renewed her performance, and no *prima donna* ever received more rapturous applause, in that country, where music is so well understood. Paisiello, Paer, and Hummel wrote for her.

After the death of her husband Mrs. Billington remained at Naples until 1796, when she went to Venice. After her first night's performance there, she was taken so ill as to be unable to play during the rest of the season; but the manager generously brought her the whole of her salary, and she, as generously, sang the whole of the following season gratuitously. The air of Venice not agreeing with her, she left it for Rome, where she was earnestly solicited to give a concert, which she declined; but a society of *Carabinieri* undertook the whole of the arrangements, and she and her brother performed to a very crowded assembly.

She afterwards accepted engagements at Milan, Padua, Vincenza, Modena, Reggio, Verona, Bologna, &c. &c., and was the rage at all. In 1796 she was engaged for Burgamo Fair, where she had the same terms as Marchesi, 800 sequins for a month.

Early in 1798 she married M. Fellestent, a native of Lyons, son of a banker: he was in the French army, which he quitted on his marriage, and settled in the neighbourhood of Venice, where his wife had purchased an estate. She previously accompanied him to Paris. So soon as the November following, it was said she had got rid of her republican plague; but, however she might wish it, he declared he would never give up her notes—she experienced some severe lessons in the school of humiliation. He was young and handsome, but so tyrannical in his behaviour to her that she trembled at the sight of him. Being a furious republican, much of his ill conduct towards her arose from his antipathy to her country. The unlucky syren was obliged to devote her melodious strains to melancholy repentance. He was volatile and inconstant in his temperament, and she felt the pangs of unrequited affection.

In May, 1801, Mrs. Billington, or, more correctly, Countess Fellestent, arrived in England, and took up her abode at Osborne's Hotel, in the Adelphi, having left her *cara sposa* in Italy. She looked extremely well, had grown rather *embonpoint*, but the alteration became her. Her vocal powers were greater than ever, and the Italian school had given great refinement to her style of singing. Her emoluments must have been very considerable; since, notwithstanding, when the French invaded Venice, she lost 20,000 sequins, about 10,000*l.*, which she had lodged in the public bank, yet she had been able to remit to England a sum not inferior, besides jewels, principally presents from the Queen of Naples, and others.

She was accompanied by her brother, Charles Weichsell, then about seven-and-twenty, who was considered one of the first violin players in Europe.

On her return to her native country, the Opera, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden managers were alike eager to engage her. At first they thought the terms were too high; but, when each found the other was negotiating, not a word more of objection was given to her emolument, but each claimed her as their prize, and, after much incertitude and tergiversation, by the friendly interference of the late Sir Henry Bate Dudley, a sort of compromise took place between the proprietors of the two winter theatres, that they should go halves in the lady, at fifty guineas a-night: Harris to have the first. Malevolent observations were made at the enormous sum she was to receive; it was certainly, at that time, an unprecedented sum; but a very few years after it was doubled, in the case of Master Betty. To arrive at excellence is a work of time, labour, persevering industry, and skill; and, however abundant the harvest may finally turn out, it should be remembered it may fail.

On the 23d of September, 1801, it was announced in the Covent Garden bills that Mrs. Billington [she still retained her former name] would

make her first appearance these seven years, in the ensuing week. On the 3d of October she appeared in the character of Mandane: the audience were struck with rapture and astonishment at her extraordinary powers.

Her brother led the orchestra on the nights she appeared, for which he received from each theatre 500*l.* for the season.

On the 7th of October she appeared at Drury Lane, in the same part as at Covent Garden. A more finished performance than her Mandane was never witnessed.

On the 21st of October she went through the two first acts of Mandane with her usual *eclat*; but, after some delay in commencing the third, Kelly came forward and declared that Mrs. Billington was alarmingly ill, and requested, in the name of the managers, that, if any medical gentlemen were in the house, they would come round, and endeavour to relieve her; this information was received with some symptoms of discontent, and, at length, the audience were very tumultuous in expressing their disapprobation. To allay this storm, Mr. Kemble came forth, and, with the most solemn earnestness, assured the audience that, after having been confined to her bed the day before, Mrs. Billington had made an effort to perform that night in order to prevent the public from being disappointed, but that it was with great difficulty she struggled through her last song—that the moment she quitted the stage she fell prostrate in a fit, and that a dreadful succession of fits followed. He assured the audience that two medical gentlemen of great respectability were with her, who authorized him to declare that, without the hazard of her life, she could not attempt to resume her duty that night. Several voices then demanded the names of the medical men; Mr. Kemble did not answer the demand, but concluded with expressing his hopes that the audience, with their usual humanity, would allow the entertainment to commence. His address, instead of appeasing the audience, threw them into a violent ferment; but, towards the end of the first act of the farce, they became tranquil.

Mrs. Billington had for some time experienced much suffering from violent pain, which was discovered by Dr. Heaviside to proceed from a needle which, by some accident of which she entertained no recollection, had lodged in the fleshy part of one of her arms; it was, with some difficulty, extracted. This circumstance violently agitated her spirits, and, probably, contributed much to her indisposition.

On the 30th of April she took her benefit at Drury Lane, and produced an opera called "Algonah," which was Cobb's "Cherokee," with a very trifling alteration. Kelly says on this very night she met with a terrible fright, and no wonder, for, at the end of the opera, on returning to her dressing-room, she found a man there; and who should this man be, but her dear and affectionate husband, whom she thought safe and snug at Venice: but he, good soul! was so deeply in love with her, that he vowed he could no longer bear to be separated from his dear Bettina—as he called her—and particularly from her English guineas. Weighty reasons were given him why he should not remain in England, which he took, and speedily departed, as she hoped for ever.

The total receipts of the first fifty nights, amounted 20,645*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

In March, 1810, she announced to the nobility, gentry, and her friends, that it being the last season of her public performance, she intended to take a benefit on the 6th of June. She then retired (too early the harmonic world said) in the plenitude of her vocal powers, and her last strains were given in Bianchi's admired aria, "Taci O Levinia," in the most enchanting style.

When Kean attracted all London to Drury Lane Theatre, Mrs. Billington sat in the orchestra to witness his performance, she was recognized by the audience, and the gallery called out "Silence for a song."

Fellessent once more surprised his wife "in her shady blest retreat," in July 1817. His visit, wholly unexpected, excited no small alarm to the lady; the gentleman, it appears, after fifteen years' absence, had again suddenly discovered how dear she was to him, and, wonderful to relate declared he could no longer live without the society of his beloved wife; (there was not the least suspicion that he had heard of her great increase of wealth). Although she did not hesitate to avow how much she disliked him, in spite of the advice of her friends he possessed such an unaccountable influence over her, that, contrary even to her own wishes, she, in less than a month, returned with him to Venice, and quitted England, her friends and connexions, for ever.

On the 18th of August, 1818, she was taken ill at her house, St. Artien, near Venice, and died there on the 25th of the same month.

Into whatever human errors this extraordinary singer might have been betrayed, she possessed an excellent heart, and a truly benevolent disposition; unprotected talent, and unfriended distress, were sure of all the assistance that she could afford them, and her benevolence was wholly without ostentation. Hospitality was another prominent feature in her character; it is impossible to describe the anxiety with which her friends implored her not to leave the country with a husband who had treated her so ill when abroad, whom for sixteen years she had so liberally supported; and who, in so extraordinary a manner, had, all at once, declared that he could not live without her. Their efforts only produced the following reply:—"My husband requires me to go, and it is my duty to comply."

Plunderings by the Way.

DON CARLOS is now a French prisoner at Bourges, where Louis XI., the Nero of France, was born four centuries ago; and where Bourdaloue, the celebrated, just two centuries since, was astounding France by his eloquence and piety. It was here that Louis XII., in early life, was three years a prisoner in the castle, for rebellion against Charles VIII.; and was confined, during the night, in an iron cage, from which he was released by the solicitations of his wife, the Princess Jane, sister of Charles VIII.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.—Mr. James is engaged in writing a Life of Richard Cœur de Lion, and has revisited Germany for the purpose of clearing up some doubts in regard to general matters connected with the im-

prisonment of that monarch. We rejoice to find so national a subject in such excellent hands.

ARTILLERY.—Prince Louis Napoleon, who has lately returned to London, is engaged in experiments connected with a discovery he has lately made in artillery. He is, we are informed, preparing a memorial on the subject.

REMARKABLE DUEL.—Benjamin Constant and M. des Issarts, both being equally incapacitated from fighting upon their legs, they were placed in chairs at the proper distance, and exchanged two shots a-piece—luckily without effect.

ORATORY OF M. THIERS.—The kind of speaking which has made the fortune of M. Thiers is thus described by *Timon*:—

It is not oratory, it is talk, but talk, lively, brilliant, light, mingled with historical traits, anecdotes, and refined reflexions; and all this is said, broken off, cut short, tied, untied, sewn together again, with a dexterity of language absolutely incomparable. Thought springs up so quick in that head of his, so quick, that one would say it was born before it had been conceived. The vast lungs of a giant would not suffice to expectorate the words of that spiritual dwarf. Nature, ever watchful, and considerate in her compensations, seemed to have aimed at concentrating in him all the powers of virility in the frail organs of the larynx.

VOLTAIRE AND FERNEY.—More than 10,000 strangers visit annually the country house of Voltaire at Ferney, near Geneva. It may be, therefore, supposed that the post of cicerone is productive to its owner. A Genevese, an excellent calculator, as are all his countrymen, has valued as follows the yearly profits that functionary derives from his situation:

8,000 busts of Voltaire, made with earth of Ferney, at a franc a-piece	8,000 <i>f</i>
1,200 autograph letters, at 20 francs	24,000
500 walking canes of Voltaire, at 50 francs each	25,000
300 veritable wigs of Voltaire, at 100 francs	30,000
In all	87,000
	<i>Le Siecle.</i>

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

BY SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS.

Sir John Hawkins, in his interesting *Memoirs of Johnson*, ascribes the decline of literature to the ascendancy of frivolous Magazines, between the years 1740 and 1760. He says that they render smatterers conceited, and confer the superficial glitter of knowledge instead of its substance. For my own part, I know that in 1790, and for many years previously, there were sold of the trifle called *The Town and Country Magazine*, full 15,000 copies per month; and of another, *The Ladies' Magazine*, from 16,000 to 22,000: such circumstances were, therefore, calculated to draw forth the observations of Hawkins. *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in its days of popular extracts, never rose above 10,000; and, after it became more decidedly antiquarian, it fell in sale, and continued for many years at 3,000. There was also a lighter work, called *The European Magazine*, and one, better selected, called *The Universal Magazine*; both of which sold also to the latter extent. These were the periodicals with which I had to contend when I began *The Monthly Magazine*, in 1795; but till 1824, when I sold that work, the average regular sale never exceeded 3,500, or 3,750; and the two last fell in sale, from various causes, till discontinued.

The veriest trifles, and only such, move the mass of minds which compose the public. The sale of *The Town and Country* was created by a fictitious article, called *Bon Ton*, in which were given the pretended amours of two personages, imagined to be real, with two sham portraits. The idea was conceived, and, for above twenty years, was executed, by Count Carraccioli; but, on his death, about 1792, the article lost its spirit, and within seven years the Magazine was obliged to be discontinued. *The Ladies' Magazine* was, in like manner, sustained by love tales, and its low price of sixpence; which, till after 1790, was the general price of Magazines.

After 1795, the varieties expanded; and they have, at this time (1828)—weekly, monthly, and quarterly—increased to the number of 130 serial works: about half of which pay their current expenses, and a quarter may be attended by profits. Those of the largest sale are the theological; and two or three of these, at sixpence, sell to the extent of 20,000. Those which aspire to the higher walks of literature, do not rise above 3,000; and some, who swagger about their numbers, are happy to count 1000. The scientific journals rise from 500 to 1000. The affectation of possessing, not of reading, what none can read but literary post-horses, occasions a demand for the *Edinburgh Review*, of, perhaps, 4,000, though it was 12,000; and for the *Quarterly Review*, of about double that number, though it used to boast of 13,000.

Periodical literature, like everything else, is in a course of constant change. Nothing can be more transitory than the popularity of Magazines, but they serve to disseminate knowledge.

OLD AND NEW FRIENDS.

One of the greatest evils of life is, that attachments cannot always be new—that our feelings grow old like ourselves, and, that like other habits, the habit of friendship becomes threadbare and shabby from long use.—How glorious is the spring-time of young affection! how blighted and withered its maturity! It is almost rotten before ripe. What a pity it should ever reach the summer season!

There is no greater fallacy than that which leads us to rely for aid on the sympathy of what are by courtesy called old friends—that is to say, near relatives, close neighbours, our father's associates, or our own school companions. There is no comparison between the cold callousness of such and the vigorous warmth of new-formed, and chance-chosen connexions. Old friends have been made for us, new ones are of our own making.

Our measure, so to express it, has never been taken for the first. No wonder they fit so ill, and hang so loosely. Yet, when a man starts into life, he is so proud of his "old friends," and, what is worse, so sure of them! He reckons his importance in proportion to the number of those reeds, which are not yet broken only because he does not happen to have leaned on them; and the hypocrite world to whom he boasts of his imagined jewels, never has the candour to tell him they are paste. But he finds out the truth!

We marvel at the numerous instances in which old connexions abandon, while recently formed acquaintances uphold and stand by, a man in distress. It all springs from that instinct called selfishness, in its worst acceptation; and self-love, in its best. When "old friends" hear of a man's misfortunes, the first feeling naturally is, that it is to them he will apply for aid. Their hearts as instantly collapse, while every mean and cold-blooded consideration expands as in self-defence. The porcupine begins to shoot forth its quills ere the enemy is seen. The selfish never wait for the attack. They fire off their pistols before the avalanche thinks of falling: they disable the foe before he can bring his guns to bear on them. Envy, and all the congenial host of pigmy yet powerful passions, then come into play to neutralise any claims the unfortunate might put forward. They commence a war of pin's point persecution—they bind their almost invisible threads round their victim; and though he be, compared to his assailants, an intellectual Gulliver, he is fastened down as tightly as though a giant held him to the earth.

Thus the tribe of "old friends," however individually insignificant, are decidedly the most dangerous of foes. They spare no means of villifying him they are determined to disown. Everything good is suppressed—every failing exaggerated—every calumny raked up, remodelled, and renewed. A sneaking tone of regret cloaks the meanest injuries; interference is volunteered only to aid in his entanglement;—reproaches are offered in the guise of advice, and unpunishable insults are ingeniously wrapped up in generous professions—gilded pills, which the poor patient must swallow; till harassed, at length, beyond endurance, he retorts and casts of his friends; when the world, in ignorance, and, perhaps, in indignation, exclaims, "What do you think of him now?—Even his relatives and oldest friends have given him up!"

But, on the other hand, when newly-formed intimates, or neighbours of short standing, hear of his reverses, their first feeling is compassion.—They expect no demand; and, if it do come, they are taken by surprise. Kindness is always active; and they give their aid ere reflection has time to check the generous impulse. The deed done—the money lent—the thanks and blessings of him they serve enter into their hearts. All their amiable sympathies are up—every good feeling is enlarged by the genial dews of gratitude—a good deed is never repented of; and the approval of one's own heart is reflected back in the object that excites it. Self-love is satisfied; and this passion is no more like itself in its other point of view, than the moon in brightness is like the moon in eclipse. But if exceptions did not exist, these rules could not be proved. Few persons have seen much of life without meeting one old friend thoroughly staunch, or an occasional new one as false as though he had grown gray in our confidence.

The different classes of society have essentially different characteristics. The rule that regulates one has no application to the rest. What I have been saying applies chiefly to the mean product, to the middle orders of mankind—the only branch through which a general problem of morals can be fairly solved. The extremes show a marked diversity, for while the high and noble rarely abandon their relatives in reverse, the un-bred and vulgar almost always do. Each consider their connexions exactly in the ratio of their possession or their want of the quality they themselves value most. Birth being the most estimable in the minds of the first-mentioned, the ruined cousin or brother who loses all else in the world, is sure of his family's sympathy, in right of the advantage which nothing can deprive him of. Money being the ignoble inspiration of the other class, that once lost, the ill-starred sufferer is cast off without remorse.

The subtle elements of which friendship is composed baffle analysis. They are as bright and evanescent as the refracted rays of light which blend in a rainbow, or play in fantastic brilliancy on the sun-lit summit of Mont Blanc. Nothing is more false than the belief that friendship must be founded on the solid basis of long acquaintanceship or congeniality of pursuits, or similitude of opinions and tastes. Were it so, friendship would be a commonplace concern: and commonplace minds fritter away whole years in ascertaining the claims of him they would make their friend, before they venture to give him their regard; and they many a time reject a claimant for their friendship, because they discover in him the very qualities that would, if they but knew it, best suit with their own. People of this stamp lose life in *reconnoitring*, and never understand the alkali that would neutralise their acids.

It may appear paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that the most ardent, most generous, most intense friendships exist between individuals the most dissimilar in mind. The grave and the gay, the bold and timid, the talkative and the taciturn, the ignorant and the learned, the man of taste and the man of no taste, often and often join together in attachment, cemented by some occult feeling which they cannot themselves define. Friendship is rarely built on acts of mutual service. Those who think it is, mistake the consequence for the cause. The sentiment leads to the sacrifice, but never springs from it; on the contrary, there is a perversity in the human heart which makes it often deny its sympathy to the being who possesses its gratitude or excites its compassion. We frequently refuse to love that which we revere; and our affections and our charities rarely go together. Equality, in fact, is essential to the existence of friendship, though congeniality is possibly a bar to it. What is it, then, that constitutes that fibrous chain which links mind to mind with such amazing power? Whence comes that wondrous web, which at once entwines two separate hearts in a common fold? Is this active and positive effect composed at times of negatives? Is it a real agency of combining—no spirit-moving sentiment inquiring and responding from breast to

breast? Is it the absence of qualities capable of creating envy and jealousy in ourselves, that leads us so readily to a union with others? Is it the impossibility of collision on points of taste or temper, that creates so close a contact between heart and heart? Are the fine results of friendship, after all, but the incapacity of sympathy? If so, it is very mortifying to the mere sentimentalist, but consoling enough to the philosopher, who finds in the flagrant contradictions of Nature the most soothing excuse for his own ignorance of her mysteries. Benefits conferred, are, in some cases, the very bane of friendship. No man can feel a friendship for him who serves him, unless he possess the essential spirit of gratitude—that safety-valve which carries off the oppressive sense of obligation. The sentiment is as old as De La Rochefaucault—that if you serve an ungrateful man, you make him your bitter foe. "Why should — be my enemy!" said Louis the Sixteenth; "I do not recollect to have done him a kindness." A ungenerous mind will accept a benefit, but cannot forgive the donor. Many are capable of finding pleasure in granting a favour—there are few who can receive it with pleasure. Generosity, in fact, is a much more common sentiment than gratitude. The first is an inherent impulse—a spontaneous growth; the latter is a compound feeling, the produce of another, the consequence of a cause; every soil is not suited to the seed.

One of the most difficult of all things is the forming a proper estimate of what we ought to expect from our friends, and how much we ought to be satisfied with it. What a man is able to give in this way, is quite a matter of mental temperament. We must be good moral anatomists, before we can fairly make an estimate of each individual's capability. And how often are we taken by surprise! how often do we find those from whom we expected most, and who owe us most, fall short of our reckoning; while those from whom we hoped nothing, and on whom we had no claim, burst on us with a generosity and delicacy so unlooked-for and profuse, that it takes away our breath and beggars us of the power of acknowledgment!

The manner of conferring a favour is more—much more than the favour itself. *Bis dat qui cito dat*, is true; but it is as true that he who gives with consideration and kindness, adds tenfold to the value of his gift. There are some people who have the unhappy knack of turning even their civilities into incivility—who, in apparently underrating the obligation they confer, evidently undervalue the acceptor. There are few indeed who can enter into the feelings of others—but the most rare of all, is the donor who understands and appreciates the feelings of him who receives. But we must not quarrel with our fellow creatures for defects over which they have no control. Let us take men as they are, and for what they are worth—being cautious to take no one at his own valuation. By this means we shall save a world of discontent; for the truth is, that our disappointment in others is a reproach on our own want of judgment, far greater than on their deficiencies. We do not acknowledge this when we make the discovery; and, while we think that we are solely disgusted with them, it is that we are really angry against ourselves. For our own sakes, then, let us be tolerant to the failings of our gay fellows—and for theirs let us endeavour to lessen our own.

LONDON LIFE IN 1714.

[In Defoe's *Journey through England*, we find the following spirited sketch of London a century and a quarter since.]

I am lodged in the street called Pallmall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's palace, the park, the Parliament house, the theatres, and the chocolate and the coffee-houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus: we rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables; about twelve, the *beau-monde* assembles in several coffee or chocolate-houses; the best of which are, the Cocoa-tree and White's chocolate-houses, St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's, and the British coffee-houses; and all these so near one another, that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs, (or sedans,) which are here very cheap, a guinea a-week, or a shilling per hour; and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands as your gondoliers do at Venice.

If it be fine weather, we take a turn into the park till two, when we go to dinner; and if it be dirty, you are entertained at piquet or basset at White's, or you may talk politics at the Smyrna and St. James's. I must not forget to tell you, that the parties have their different places, where, however, a stranger is always well received; but a whig will no more go to the Cocoa-tree, or Osinda's, than a tory will be seen at the coffee-house at St. James's.

The Scots go generally to the British, and a mixture of all sorts to the Smyrna. There are other little coffee-houses much frequented in this neighbourhood,—Young Man's for officers, Old Man's for stock-jobbers, pay-masters, and courtiers, and Little Man's for sharpers. I never was so confounded in my life as when I entered into this last; I saw two or three tables full at faro, heard the box and dice rattling in the room above stairs, and was surrounded by a set of sharp faces, that I was afraid would have devoured me with their eyes. I was glad to drop two or three half-crowns at faro to get off with a clear skin, and was overjoyed I so got rid of them.

At two, we generally go to dinner; ordinaries are not so common here as abroad, yet the French have set up two or three pretty good ones for the convenience of foreigners, in Suffolk-street, where one is tolerably well served; but the general way here is, to make a party at the coffee-house to go to dinner at the tavern, where we sit till six, when we go to the play; except you are invited to the table of some great man, which strangers are always courted to, and nobly entertained.

I know abundance of French, that, by keeping a pocket-list of tables, live so almost all the year round, and yet never appear at the same place above once in a fortnight. By looking into their pocket-book in the morning, they fix their place of dining, as on Monday with my Lord —, and so for two weeks, fourteen lords, foreign ministers, or men of

quality; and so they run their round all the year long, without notice being taken of them.

There are two noble theatres here, and a third for comedy, which is rebuilding. That for operas, at the end of the Pall-mall, or Haymarket, is the finest I ever saw, and where we are entertained in Italian music generally twice a week: that for history, tragedy, and comedy, is in Covent Garden, (a piazza I shall describe to you in the sequel of this letter); and the other, that's rebuilding, is by Lincoln's-Inn-fields, at a small distance from the other.

POLITICAL LADIES.

FROM PICTURES OF THE FRENCH, DRAWN BY THEMSELVES.

Pre-eminently popular among the works which form our juvenile library, is "Numa Pompilius;" nor is any French writer better known to, or appreciated by, the world, than the Chevalier de Florian. It is to him and to his book the nymph Egeria, that immortal Privy Councillor of one of the first Roman Kings, is indebted for the universal reputation she enjoys; to him is due the honour of having given a proverbial signification to her name, and of having torn it, so to speak, from the ungrateful oblivion of history, by placing it as a proud symbol in the common treasury of poetical creations. Thanks to M. de Florian, that perfumed shepherd of the groves of Sceaux—Penthievre,* we have seen Agnes Sorel and Madame de Main-

* The Chevalier de Florian was a *gentilhomme d'honneur* to the Duke of Penthievre, whose residence was at Sceaux, near Paris.

tenon transformed, by a sort of historical imagining, into water-nymphs, and Charles the Seventh and Louis the Fourteenth into modern Numas. But in our days—when it is pretty nearly decided that a Constitutional King may reign, but cannot govern—in our days, and in France, a royal Egeria might die of famine in her humid cave. Now, however, disinterested an Egeria is, or may be, she does not attach herself to fictions, whether crowned or not. The modern Egeria will be the adjective feminine of a reality only. She no longer inhabits a grotto fitted up with a few shells, green moss, and a brook of clear water; nor does she now conceal herself from the worship of the *Many*, to luxuriate in the platonic endearments of the *One*. No; the Egeria of the nineteenth century is less impalpable; she has resolved on being a woman—nay, a woman of the world; the Egeria or Egerias of our acquaintance are born and die like ordinary mortals: they marry, have lovers, ride on horseback, go to balls, and leave the impress of their footsteps on the avenues of our walks.

The Egeria of the Chevalier de Florian would be, in the present day, a Political Lady—the good La Fontaine would call her the "fly on the coach-wheel"—and in our opinion La Fontaine would describe her correctly. We would premise, however, that the coach of the state not being exactly that which most occupies us now-a-days—each political party—each coterie, indeed, having its own especial "coach,"—we are compelled to recognize the existence of as many "flies" as we count "coaches" in France.

Two great classes here present themselves to our notice,—the Ministerial "Fly," and the "Fly" of the Opposition; they belong, nevertheless, to the same species, spring from the same moral principle, and have so much in common, that you can distinguish them only by the difference of their colour.

The Political Lady is seldom a very young woman; her age ceases to be avowed; it cannot even be guessed at, and up to the day of her death she has the ability to maintain herself in this doubtful position, which leaves the men who surround her suspended between respect, and that impertinent gallantry which some women condescend to place in the list of "Attentions." But to support this pretension to the title of "Political Lady"—to see her drawing-room transformed, either into a kind of Cabinet Council or Club,—two conditions are essential, and these are as the key-stone to all the other requisites—the Political Lady, whether Ministerial or Oppositionist, must move in the first circles, and possess a large fortune. Destitute of these essentials, the Political Lady will obtain but slight consideration—nay, will be esteemed by many people only a mere bustling busy-body. If she is not a widow,—widowhood being an immense advantage,—she should be furnished with one of those easy and discreet husbands who occupy a sort of "Steward-of-the-household" position about their wives; functionaries of subaltern rank—an *existence* rather than a *person*—a something understood, but scarcely expressed—a kind of nonentity. On all state occasions,—on New Year's day,—this shadow of a substance will receive the cards of his wife's political friends, but he will know none of them;—he devotes himself to the domestic affairs of the establishment; but the final arrangement, even of these, is not with him. He is permitted, perhaps, to conduct his daughter to the public walks, but in no way does he influence her education. In a word, this husband is nothing more than a name, an item in the social compact, to which the sign-manual of the wife gives its only authenticity.

As Madame de Regnacourt (the Egeria of Ministers), and Madame de Divindroit (the tutelary goddess of Opposition,) have both a reasonable number of lovers, it will be understood that the whole sisterhood of Political Ladies is liable to this little peculiarity.

Literature has few charms for the Political Lady. She does not indulge in light reading, and no romance obtains the *entrée* of her drawing-room or boudoir; but on her tables, sofas, chairs, and chimney-pieces, the Journals muster in strong force, and assume attitudes of conscious dignity; while political pamphlets, documents of diplomacy, and even the opinions of some of the Deputies, printed separately on fine "hot-pressed," are the ornaments and darlings of her library. The Marchioness of —, one of the most conspicuous Political Ladies of our era, is even said to read regularly every year those immense folios which comprise the various chapters of the Budget. On certain days the Political Ladies crowd eagerly to the diplomatic box of the Chamber of Deputies;—they murmur approval or dissent—they applaud in under-tones,—and during the pauses which occasionally take place, they maintain warm discussions with those placed immediately behind them.

Some, indeed, of still higher pretensions, affect the language of a learned

Incomprehensibility, a metaphysical Profundity, unintelligible to their hearers, and very specially so, to—themselves. These fall asleep at night over the lectures of Cousin, and walk in the Bois de Boulogne with Guizot's Philosophy of History in their hands. The Countess of —, a political blue-stocking of the highest distinction, said lately to one of our most brilliant authors of Apocryphal Memoirs,—"I love Guizot and Cousin with nearly equal affection; or rather, the two complete in me a psychological and instinctive sympathy! The quality of these great men becomes confounded in a complex unity, and enables me to comprehend the Infinite, of which Guizot has all the depth, while Cousin finely illustrates its extent!"—"Might you not rather say," replied the writer of Memoirs, "and that without detracting in the least from their resemblance to the Infinite, that they are both equally inexplicable?"

The Political Lady whose thoughts are expressed in metaphysical terms, is one of those who have been unhappy creatures, sharply tried and shaken by the storm of the passions, and who has survived herself—because still demanding the stimulus of violent sensations at an age when they are unsuited to her constitution. Politics are to her a kind of love-affair: she throws on them the now paled reflex of her youthful warmth; she is all enthusiasm; she hates, she adores, this or that political personage—this or that cause; thus pursuing unconsciously a secret instinct, which is not always governed by reason, and is seldom accompanied by constancy. This woman is the poetically Political Lady: the seriously Political Lady, on the contrary, insists much on the free use of her reason—and boasts that her sympathies are fixed and constant. Politics are to her nothing more than the continuation of her last lover: to some, as to those old card-players, who turn pale with the dying tapers around a green-baize, they are *altogether* a last lover, and the dearest, it may be, of all.

I have known two remarkable examples of the "Political Lady;"—the first summed up in one sole nature the whole galaxy of Ministerial Egerias; the second offered to my investigation the Egerias in Opposition. These two divinities, women of rank, rich, elegant, and reputed clever, exerted, each in the circle of her opinions, a certain influence,—a kind of sovereignty, political and moral. The first, the Countess of Regnacourt, had been what is commonly called "very gay"—that is to say, she had had many admirers, and consequently little constancy; but, by a singular caprice of fate, or rather by a wonderful foresight of the future, she had had the art, or the good fortune, to select her slaves from a certain set, among whom, Power, having once showered his favours, had established himself fixedly, choosing from its numbers his most indulged favourites. By degrees, then, the list of Madame de Regnacourt's lovers became a list of Ministers, Councillors of State, Deputies, Peers, and Ambassadors: her freedmen governed France, as in former times the freedmen of the Roman Emperors governed the world; yet the fetters of these manumitted slaves were not so utterly broken, but that one end of the chain still connected them with their former sovereign, and brought them continually within the sphere of her influence, not now, perhaps, cringing and trembling as formerly, but all disposed to suffer, as the price of certain privileges, a species of control, of which they did not always fully appreciate either the importance or the extent. Madame de Regnacourt held in her honourable toils two or three of these "freedmen" in every Ministerial combination, and for each of these combinations she had always ready Ambassadors trained to the new system, whom she was to raise to the throne of Power. Madame de Regnacourt foresaw, with marvellous sagacity, all changes of ministry,—every variation of tactics among foreign alliances; and then, with a promptitude and cleverness no less wonderful than her sagacity, she would change in a few days all the human furniture of her reception-rooms—to the Doctrinaires succeeded the Tiers-partistes, to the Tiers-partistes the Dynastics,—and all these metamorphoses were effected without difficulty, resentment, or surprise. People who feared to travel the political road without securing good weather for the journey, first consulted the aspect of Madame de Regnacourt's drawing-room; and they seldom found the barometer misled them.

I never knew the husband of Madame de Regnacourt; he was not a recognized part of her establishment: all I can say of him is, that he held I know not what appointment, in, I can't tell which portion of the globe. No one ever named the Count de Regnacourt to his wife, nor did she ever mention him to a human being, except perhaps to myself, who was her confidant, because I was the only one of all the men she received, who had never thought of paying court to her.

"Monsieur de Regnacourt," said she to me one evening, "is a very good man, mild and easy to live with, but he likes a quiet life; his ideas, though rational and just, are but slightly developed; he would die with fatigue and disgust if exposed to the bustle of politics."

"Confess, madam," said I, "that M. de R. is the very pearl of husbands."

"Why will you have me confess that?" asked she, looking at me fixedly.

"Why? Oh, merely because he is a desirable convenience."

"Nay, you jest at every thing," returned Madame de Regnacourt: "but I assure you very seriously, that Monsieur de Regnacourt has many excellent qualities."

"I know that he possesses *one*, Madam—he is always absent."

And I really believe, that of all the qualities accorded to M. de Regnacourt, whether by Nature or Art, the most valuable in the eyes of his wife was the excellent one of never being in the way: it is possible that a husband's presence may throw his wife into the shade: one, hates to see the vulgar better half of the goddess one has placed on a pedestal; and the Political Lady, the Egeria of the 19th century, is of the number of those divinities who need all the illusions with which they surround themselves, and with which we surround them. Madame de Regnacourt received few ladies, and rarely paid visits; her doors were open in the evening to none but to certain initiated; sometimes, indeed, her porter replied with the most imperturbable coolness, even to habitual visitors, "Madame is not at home!" though a whole line of carriages drawn up in the court of her hotel, gave the lie direct to his assertion. The secret of this was,

that there was then holding at Madame de Regnacourt's one of those secret councils of Ministers, anxious for a clear understanding among themselves on some important measure, apart from the presence of a too powerful colleague. Certain wicked wits, enemies of Madame de Regnacourt, called her saloons the ministerial *Vendanges de Bourgogne*.^{*} She rarely appeared at court on public reception days, but three or four times a year the journals announced, with a mysterious importance, that the King had received her at a private interview. Did an event, fortunate or otherwise, occur in her family, an officer of the palace was dispatched to her, charged by an August Benevolence with the transmission of condolence, or of earnest congratulation: in short, Madame de Regnacourt was a silent and stealthy power—a sort of nameless influence—attached to the order of things for the time being, but stronger than all powers, independent of the different factions that divide them,—the Egeria of every minister, proceeding with each while he remained triumphant, but surviving them all.

It seldom happened that Madame de Regnacourt accorded her protection to those who sought it; she preferred to select her creatures for herself, and to elevate them rapidly towards the position for which she designed them. Foreign embassies, and the council of state, were peopled with her favourites, but especially the embassies. These owed to her their most youthful and most active secretaries; through these she received the earliest intelligence from all the countries of the world, for she had the art of rendering them all honourably indiscreet, without permitting them to perceive their indiscretion, so that none had to blush for his errors, or to feel any remorse on their account. Each of her protégés had compromised himself by a declaration of attachment, which she had possessed the power to wring from all; the number of the called was considerable, that of the chosen remains a secret.

If it happened that Madame de Regnacourt was present at some important debate in the Chamber of Deputies, the most influential orators approached to pay their respects to her during the intervals of the sitting; and the next day, the political journals announced to France and the world, that Madame de Regnacourt was observed in the gallery of the house.

To create for herself, thus, a sort of political royalty,—an existence apart, which caused her to be considered a kind of fourth power in the state, the Countess de Regnacourt had been compelled to renounce almost all the usual enjoyments of social life; she had been obliged to sequester herself, to seal herself up in a cold and dignified importance, repulsive to friendship and the softer affections: women disliked, and men feared her; but as the men treated her with deference, and sought to be noticed by her, the mass of people who fill the saloons of Paris considered her a very superior woman. To ministers, she was a sort of living protocol, a walking tradition, a depository of secret archives, a link that chained the past to the present, and connected both with the future.

When I first saw the Countess de Regnacourt, she appeared to me impertinent enough, dry, formal, inflated with her own importance, and having less talent than pretence. Her conversation, to which I listened attentively, seemed to me a faint echo of those that must have taken place in her presence—a summing-up of her newspaper readings of the morning; in a word, she did not please me. When I knew her better, I discovered in her more talent, less impertinence, and less formality: the scrutiny into her character afforded me a new amusement every day; and when I wished to form a definite judgment with regard to her, I arrived at the conclusion that in this transubstantiated woman was no longer to be found, either the heart, virtues, or other qualities of woman, but neither was there the energy, force of volition, character, or potency of man; whence it resulted, that the modern Egeria, worn out as a woman, incomplete in every way as a man, without heart, without reality, a species of political gnome, a martyr to her presumption, found an admirable prototype, as I thought, in that dog of the good La Fontaine which drops the prey he holds, to run after its shadow in the river. This conclusion was not just: one of my friends, a keen observer, and a more profound judge than I am bade me correct it.

"Madame de Regnacourt," said he to me, "has first of all well eaten up her prey—ay, even to the last bone: nay, during her youth, far from being satisfied with what belonged to herself, she very frequently devoured the prey of others. Now-a-days, she is trying to change into realities all the shadows she can lay hold of, and she does not succeed badly either: she is no longer beautiful, yet she has still lovers; her husband is neither a minister nor an ambassador, yet she is surrounded by an assiduous court of political potentates; she is, then, at the very least, an extremely clever woman."

A young scape-grace, who heard the wise explanation of my old friend, remarked, as he pouted from our presence,

"Madame de Regnacourt! Oh, she is the Mother Stork of every government; examine carefully, and you will find all our statesmen nestled warmly under her wings."

The Egeria of Opposition—the Marchioness of Divindroit,—unlike Madame de Regnacourt, had, to my mind, the air and character of a woman still young;—lively and joyous, yet sentimental and romantic—for she had built up and demolished full many a romance. She had hosts of friends; nothing about her repelled you, or inspired fear; she was fond of change, of pleasure, but her admirers found that their hold upon her favours was slight indeed: she changed them with as much apparent unconcern as she did her gloves. It was antecedent to the Revolution of 1830 that Madame de Divindroit transformed herself into a Political Lady; the royalty of the elder branch had previously possessed all her sympathies, and war to the knife had been declared by her against the pretensions of the younger branch. Madame de Divindroit divided her time, pretty equally between the pleasures of Paris and a magnificent domain that she possessed on the borders of Picardy and Artois. At Paris Madame de Divindroit received all the political leaders in whose creed she placed her faith; these were assembled on certain days at dinners which she affirmed the police watched with a troubled and vigilant eye; she dismissed the ser-

vants at dessert, and sought to convert her hopes into the realities she imagined to be close at hand; and she spoke of the form of government that ought to be adopted when her anticipations should be fulfilled; then launched forth into high-flown political disquisitions, and talked of "European interests," for which she invented a new balance: these disquisitions she animated by her sole word,—she had eloquence enough for the who's party. To her most intimate friends she displayed dear letters—precious locks of hair!! "darling, inestimable documents!!!" She had shares in the loans of Don Carlos and Don Miguel, and religiously celebrated all the fetes which the calendar of the new royalty had not preserved.—When the King of the French put on mourning she wore rose colour, but appeared in mourning for all those which the new court of France chose to neglect. In her drawing-room at Paris were collected all the journals and pamphlets most vehemently opposed to the established order of things: she received with open arms its bitterest enemies, those more especially who had been imprisoned for biting polemics, and those who refused to participate in the honours of the National Guard. Busts of the proscribed were the ornaments of her chimney-piece, and in a little purse of green silk and silver she kept carefully certain coins which bore a seditious impress.

Such is the part played by, such is the conduct of, the "opposing" Egeria. During her stay in Paris she has political lovers, whose modes of thought she watches narrowly: concerning herself with their religious affairs; sending them to mass and sermon with an edifying strictness. It is by her influence that criminals are to become regenerate.

In the summer, Madame de Divindroit leaves Paris to fix herself for six months at her seat. There, mistress and sovereign, she worries the mayor of her commune, torments the prefect of her department, puts clogs on the wheels of the electoral car, and is worshipped by the peasantry, whose misery she solaces, and whom she teaches to distrust the Government. Her flower-garden is filled with *lilies*^{*}; she hears mass in the chapel of her mansion, and sings herself, with a resounding voice, a *Domine salvum*, that would make the police inspector of her arondissement to shake in his shoes, could the sound of it but reach him. She gives two feasts a year to the peasantry around her domain—the one on St. Henry's day, the other on that of St. Louis: on those days the neighbouring gentlemen are invited to dinner, and Heaven only knows under what terrible toasts to legitimacy the wine disappears—what sounds of sedition wake the echoes of the dining-room.

The Marchioness de Divindroit has been involved in two conspiracies; for one she embroidered a stand of colours, for the other she made cockades from the silk of her dresses;—she goes constantly from Paris to her seat, and from her seat to Paris, without passports, that she may not travel under the protection of Louis Philippe.

Her husband, the Marquis of Divindroit, is a good honest man, with little wit, but gentle and accommodating—always kneeling in admiration before his wife, but pluming himself proudly on his independence, and the inflexibility of his political opinions. He sees, he hears, only through the organs of his lady, and believes only what she believes. The Marchioness of Divindroit has some consideration for him—she will have him, at all hazards, play a conspicuous part; and on the principle of the old game, placed behind him, passes her arms under his—which he conceals; speaking words and making gestures of which he seems the originator, and bears all the responsibility. Twice he has been incarcerated for a too factious opposition; but so far is he from complaining of this, that she devised means for making him grateful for those days of imprisonment.—Madame de Divindroit is extremely well received, whether at Paris or in the country, by the "purest" of her political faith; she is a Political Lady in high estimation; her parties are well attended; the importance she attributes to herself and her consistency is looked upon as a matter which seems indispensable to her neighbours, as incontrovertible, because she has resolutely persevered in closing her gates against all the "Vicars of Bray" who have succeeded each other within the last ten years.

Such are two examples of Political Ladies with whom I have met.—They have fully convinced me that the Deity did not create woman for so rude a labour as that of Politics: more than ever do I feel certain that the woman who will devote her energies to a study fit only for men loses all her distinctive qualities—all her graces—all her feminine beauties,—without gaining aught to compensate her for so many losses. Women have few roads to distinction: rarely does there appear an inspired Joan of Arc to wield the sword of battle, nor are the destinies of empires often confided to a heartless Elizabeth, or a sanguinary Catherine. I would not impose on all women the epitaph of the Roman matron—"Domum mansit, lanam fecit;" but I would much rather read on the funeral stone of each—"She died of too much dancing"—than meet with many tombs like that of the Mistress of Monaldeschi.

* Emblems of the old dynasty.

† Name of the Duc de Bordeaux.

‡ Elle aimait trop le bal; c'est ce qui l'a tuée.—Victor Hugo.

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E. L. GARVIN,

* Name of a French restaurant, where wedding parties are held.